GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
NOV 29 1899

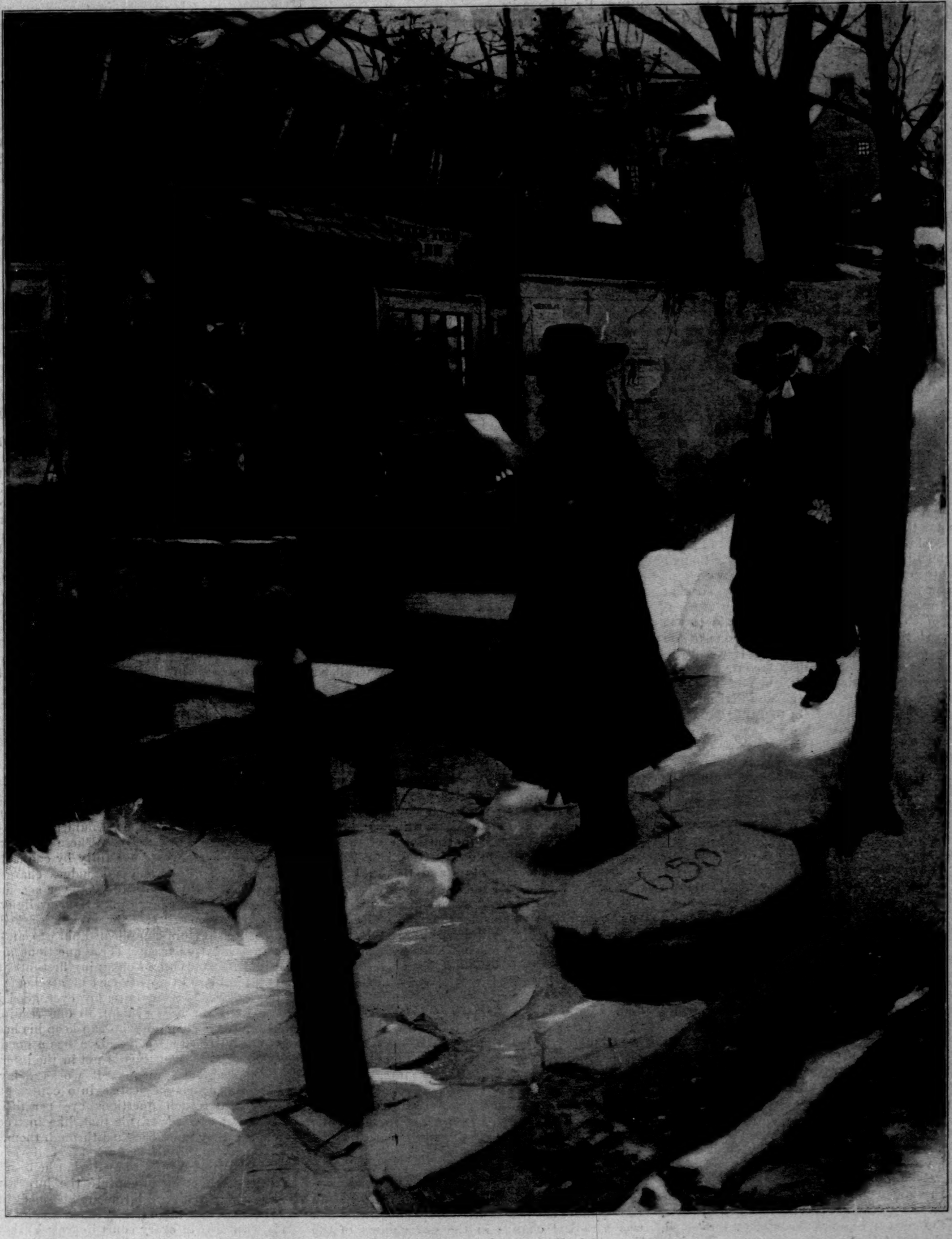
THE NEW CONGRESS—BY H. L. NELSON

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2241

Copyright, 1899, by HARPER & BROTHERS
All Rights Reserved
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



THANKSGIVING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BELLMAN READING THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION IN A NEW ENGLAND TOWN.—DRAWN BY STANLEY M. ARTHUR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 2, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

The Police Problem

THERE is a good deal more in the question raised by the proposal to enact a State constabulary bill at Albany than the politicians of either party have discovered, or, at least, than they will admit. It may be taken for granted, speaking roughly, that the Republicans want a State police, and that Tammany wants a municipal police, for party purposes only. The proposition of the last session of the Legislature was that the police of New York city and five other cities should be under the control of the Republican politicians. This was opposed by the local bosses, because such control would be hostile to their personal and organization interests. Therefore we must dismiss the opinions of both Republican and Democratic leaders as worthless. Moreover, besides being governed by purely selfish motives, which are necessarily inimical to the public welfare, the advocates of a State constabulary have betrayed no sign of possessing even the elementary knowledge of the experience of other countries in police matters—knowledge which they would naturally seek if they desired to solve their problem solely in the public interest. If they possess such information, they have studiously concealed it.

There is no doubt that the police problem is one of the most important with which we have to deal. There is not a perfectly satisfactory police force in the country. In the larger cities the police are dominated and degraded by party politics. In the two largest cities at least the police are in partnership with the criminal classes. This state of affairs is due to the unlimited control of the police by the local bosses, who profit politically and pecuniarily by this partnership. Moreover, although the municipal police are the administrators of State law, they are, in the city of New York at least, by reason of their connection with the machinery of elections, indifferent or hostile to the proper and thorough enforcement of one of the most important laws of the State. If we are to judge of the effects of municipal control of the police from the experiences of New York and Chicago, we are forced to the conclusion that nothing can be more demoralizing. On the other hand, the experiment in Massachusetts, of State control of the police of Boston and Fall River, shows how a municipality may be injured or wronged by a partisan police force controlled by a partisan State commission, the party politics of the State government differing generally from the party politics of the city. In a word, this police problem, caused by one of the most offensive sores on our body politic, cannot be satisfactorily settled by airily transferring control of the constabulary from the city bosses to the State boss. In either case the police will most of the time be part of the party machine; and whether the force will be better under the city or under the State will depend on the relative characters of the bosses of the time being.

It is perfectly true that the State has a direct interest in the efficiency and honesty of the police, and is deeply concerned in securing uniformity in police organization and administration. The police force of the municipalities should be to some extent under the command of the chief executive of the State. It ought always to be a better dependence than the militia for the preservation of order, because it is in constant readiness, and therefore the Governor ought to possess the power to use the police force of any city in any part of the State. But to express the reason for State supervision broadly, it is not only justifiable, but it is necessary, because the police are administrators of the State laws for the protection of persons and property. In view of this the State should have a police force of its own for service in its rural parts, where the citizen is now absolutely unprotected, the rural constabulary really counting for nothing. The police form part of the machinery of the criminal and protective laws of the State, but they are also the right arm of the executive power of the municipalities. They not only prevent the perpetration of offences against the laws of the State, and bring actual offenders before the courts of the State; they not only constitute the administrative force upon which the State judiciary must depend, but they preserve order in the streets of the municipality, regulate their traffic, enforce the ordinances of the city government, obey the orders of the city magistracy, and perform a great number of purely municipal functions. Moreover, they are paid by the municipality. The police property is that of the municipality. More important still, it is by the character of police management that the character of the city government is chiefly estimated. The average citizen knows the police better than he knows any other feature of the municipal government, because the force does its work under the observation of the community. By its merits or demerits, therefore, the voter judges of the manner in which the elected Mayor, or the city "boss," performs his duties. Direct control of the police force has always been regarded as an essential element of home-rule in all English-speaking communities. It is the rule in England. It has been the rule here. It has been departed from in Massachusetts, without happy results. It was because the municipal government was responsible for the police degradation and crimes revealed by the LEXOW investigation that the people of New York defeated Tammany and elected Mayor STRONG in 1894. It was because such a revolt was possible that Governor ROOSEVELT himself became a police commissioner. The transfer to the State of absolute control of the police of all the cities, while a much better proposition than the former one, which affected only the six largest cities of the State, would be a revolutionary proceeding. It would be an unprecedented and unpardonable attack on the principles of home-rule—a principle which is essential to the political health of our municipalities. If we had a State constabulary, in the event of such another revelation as that of 1894 the people directly wronged by police mismanagement and police scandals would be unable to secure redress unless they could command the co-operation of the people of the State.

THERE is a way in which the joint interests of the State and municipality may be guarded, a way which has been in operation in England for many years, and which is known to all who have the slightest acquaintance with the literature on municipal government. It has been tried and found effective. It is because this way has not been suggested by the politicians as a proper solution of our own police problem that we are confirmed in our belief that the politicians are intent rather on securing party advantage than on promoting the general welfare. In England, on whose police system, as established by Sir ROBERT PEEL'S act, our own is based, the general government pays half the cost of the police force of each municipality, and exercises a supervision over it by inspecting it. There is no reason why the State of New York should not adopt this system. It can establish a State commission or board of police, under the command of an expert policeman, having as subordinates a corps of inspectors. This sort of control is as practicable as the State's control of the militia, or as its guardianship over savings-banks and insurance companies. The Governor could command the civic police force of the State as he commands the military police force in the form of the National Guard. There might, indeed, be collusion between the State inspectors and the local police boards, but that would not be so likely as is collusion between the members of bipartisan boards, nor so probable as mismanagement and corruption would be if the police were under the control of a partisan superintendent appointed by a partisan Governor who could not be punished directly by the people suffering under the mismanagement and corruption. This way would preserve home-rule, for the police of a municipality would be organized and commanded by the local government, and it would also, through inspection and certain punitory powers, give to the State that measure of control which its undoubted interests in the police demand. We have no doubt that Governor ROOSEVELT is really concerned to reform the police of the State. We trust that he will suggest the adoption of the only system applicable here which has produced good results.

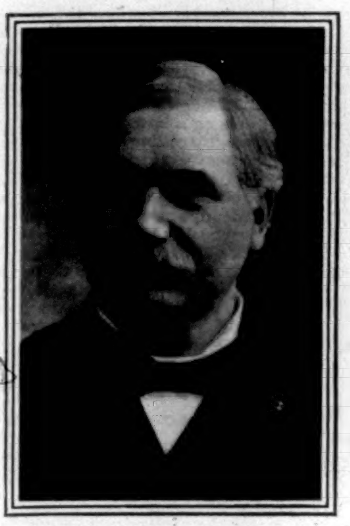
THERE are some things which one can perceive are destined to take place, though the time and manner of their occurrence are doubtful. Such was a radical change in the government of the Transvaal. Every one foresaw that sooner or later, peaceably or by war, Krugerism would have to alter its character. Such, again, was the opening of China. Nobody imagined that the isolation of the Celestial Empire would endure forever. It was, and still is, simply a question of how and when it would be broken down. Or to take matters that have not yet grown actually pressing, there are few who doubt that at some time or other the Dual Monarchy must fall to pieces; and in the politics of the Far East it is almost an axiomatic certainty that Russia and Japan will have to fight for the possession of Korea.

In the last-named instance even the most self-restrained observers have long put an armed conflict in the category of things inevitable, leaving only the time of its breaking out to conjecture. And even on this point there are those who assert that the moment is now approaching, and that a war between the two powers can hardly be postponed beyond next spring. In view of these opinions, which are not the opinions of professional alarmists, there is gravity in the recent rumors from the East that the Chinese are leaving Korea in fear of an immediate conflict; that several thousand Japanese have been landed there, "disguised as coolies"; that Japanese battle-ships now building in England, as well as some *en route* for Japan, are being hurried along with all possible speed; and that China and Japan have buried the animosities of the late war, and come together for mutual protection.

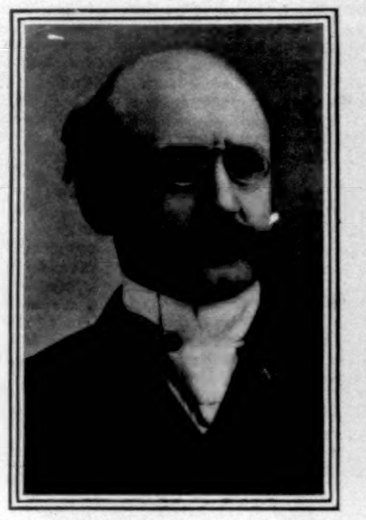
Desire for revenge and an intense consciousness of national destiny are the groundwork of Japanese hatred for Russia. Few more galling humiliations have ever been put upon a country than the ejection of Japan from the Liao-tung Peninsula. The fruits of her victory over China were dashed from her hands. Possibly she did not intend to retain them permanently; the sting lay in being compelled to give them up at the bidding of another power. Japan has neither forgotten nor forgiven that public slight.

The Chinese war was fought to free Korea from the suzerainty of Pekin, and to the independence of Korea Japan stands committed by the simplest necessities of her position. Imagine Great Britain, with her swarming industrial population and perpetual scarcity of food, placed where Newfoundland is, near a great agricultural country that can at once supply her with what she needs and take from her what she manufactures, and you have a not exaggerated picture of the Japanese attitude towards Korea. A hostile power in possession of Korea would menace Japan's very existence, and hardly less certainly jeopardize the autonomy of China. Both countries have a common interest in keeping it free. Russia, on the other hand, intends its absorption. It is the next and most obvious step in her expansion, and she has already collected in Manchuria a large, if somewhat irregular, force, and placed it along the Yalu River.

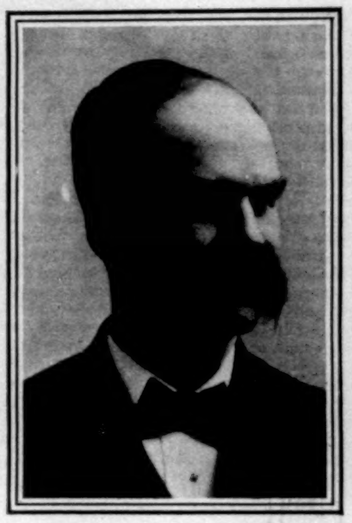
THE trial of MOLINEUX affords an excellent illustration of one of the most serious evils in our system of administering criminal law. Days passed in the effort to secure twelve jurors to try the case. Talesman after talesman was called, only to be badgered into a condition of intellectual bewilderment which in many cases doubtless actually unfitted him to sit in the jury-box. We also have no doubt that many good men were challenged and refused who, if their minds had not been disordered by the "knock-out" questions which were asked them by the counsel for the people and for the defence, would have tried the case well and impartially. These "knock-out" questions are composed carefully by counsel from the most difficult sentences of judges' charges, the lawyers carefully omitting whatever accompanying words of the charge might throw light upon the baffling generality. The witness is asked if he understands certain complicated phrases, and if he does not he is excused. These questions are not asked for the purpose of obtaining first-rate jurors, but in most cases they are part of a scheme to secure a mistrial. Sometimes, however, good jurors are secured, for it is evident, to one reading the questions, that the man who can keep his head despite the intellectual persecution has a good head to keep. But the method is not in the interest of justice. On the contrary, it works delay and brings the courts of justice into contempt. In Massachusetts such questions are permitted by statute, but the judges rule that, like instructions to charge, they must be asked through them. The judge reads to the talesman what he believes ought to be asked, and refuses to read what he believes to be intended merely to confuse the juror's mind. The result is that good jurors are obtained there in a brief time, and there is no such scandalous delay as is witnessed in every court in New York whenever anything approaching a *cause célèbre* is on trial.



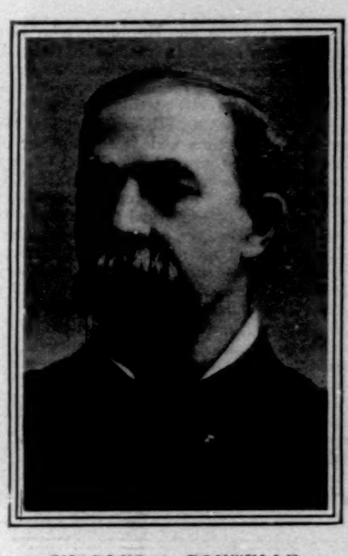
DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON,
The New Speaker.



HENRY H. BINGHAM,
Pennsylvania.
Photograph by Bell.



ALBERT J. HOPKINS,
Illinois.
Photograph by Bell.



CHARLES A. BOUTELLE,
Maine.
Photograph by Bell.

THE NEW CONGRESS AND THE OLD

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE Senate of the Fifty-sixth Congress contains 52 Republicans, 26 Democrats, 4 Populists, 2 members of the silver party, and 2 Independents. There are four vacancies by reason of the failure of the State Legislatures to elect. California, Delaware, and Pennsylvania will elect Republican Senators, and Utah a Democratic Senator. When this is done the Republicans will have a majority over all of twenty. In the House of Representatives there are 185 Republicans, 164 Democrats, 5 Populists, and 3 of the silver party. Therefore the Republican party absolutely controls the government, and is responsible for the legislation that will be enacted, and for whatever failures of legislation there may be. In the Fifty-fifth Congress the Republicans had a majority of two in the Senate, and in the House a majority of fifty-six. It would probably have been impossible to enact a sound-currency law in the last Congress, by reason of the number of silver Republican Senators, and there is a sufficient number of them in the new Senate to make the effort doubtful, although the chances are that a gold-standard bill could eventually be forced through the Senate, and, therefore, through Congress.

In looking over the new lists of members of the two Houses, one is struck by the great number of new Senators and Representatives, and in the Senate by the number of members whose first service in the Federal government is in this branch of the legislative body. There are fifty-six of the eighty-six elected Senators who began their careers as members of the Federal government in the Senate. Some of them have been State legislators and Governors, but none of these fifty-six ever had any training in Federal affairs until he took his seat in the Senate. Of these fifty-six, fifteen are from twelve States of the far West, the Northwest, and the Pacific coast. The mining States nearly always send to the Senate men who have developed their mineral resources, and not the men who have had experience at Washington as delegates and Representatives. Twenty-one of the fifty-six are Southern Senators, many of whom, like Kenney of Delaware, McLaurin and Tillman of South Carolina, Pritchard and Butler of North Carolina, represent the new element in the South—the element which has pushed to the rear the rather threadbare and useless statesmen, although they were men of dignity and character, of antebellum days, and set the deities of ignorance and populism in their places. The New England delegation in the Senate is composed of familiar names—the names of men who have served the country for many years. One man only among the twelve Senators was elected because he had wealth, and Mr. Wetmore, and Mr. Platt of Connecticut, are the only two who had never seen Federal service before they became Senators. Mr. Wetmore, however, had been Governor of Rhode Island, while Mr. Platt had been Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives. Of the twelve, at least six rise to the grade of statesman, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Maine being, without question, the States, of all the Union, best represented in the Senate.

New York has the best-known new Senator of the body in the person of Mr. Depew, whose ability as a legislator is yet to be tested. If the Senators look to their new colleague for amusement merely, they are not likely to be disappointed, and if Mr. Platt expects a loyal coadjutor, he too will probably be satisfied with the Legislature's choice of its constant old friend. Indiana presents Mr. Beveridge, who goes to Washington with the reputation of an able man and an orator. That he is master of certain kinds of rhetorical flowers he has already demonstrated. The State of Montana has contributed W. A. Clark, said to be its richest citizen. What else he is besides a resident of the city of New York and the purchaser of high-priced paintings is yet to be developed.

It is an interesting fact that the South has abandoned its practice of keeping its Senators in public life, and of promoting its tried men of the House of Representatives. This old habit, by which the South, during so many years of the history of the republic, maintained its ascendency in the national councils, has now yielded to a modern movement. Twenty of thirty Southern Senators are serving their first terms. Nine who have been Senators for more than six years are John T. Morgan, James K. Jones, James H. Berry, William Lindsay, Donelson Caffery, George G. Vest, Francis M. Cockrell, William B. Bate, and John W. Daniel. These comprise all the Senators of distinction and influence from the South, and one of these, Lindsay of Kentucky, is sure to be retired by the Goebelites on the expiration of his term in 1901, while the seat of Senator Morgan of Alabama is also threatened by the "new element." Among the present comparatively new Senators are some of the most vexatious characters of the body, such as Tillman of South Carolina and Marion Butler of North Carolina. What is true of the Senate is not true also of the House of Representatives, so far as the South is concerned. Of the nine districts of Alabama only two return new Representatives. In Florida and Georgia there are no changes. In Kentucky, four of the eleven members are new; in Louisiana, two of the six are new; in Maryland, four of the six. In Mississippi, the whole delegation was returned. In Missouri, only three of the fifteen members are new. North Carolina makes the worst showing of all the Southern States, having changed six of her delegation of nine. Tennessee has ten districts, and only one new member. Virginia has four new in ten Representatives, and West Virginia two new out of four.

The men from the South who will not reappear in the Fifty-sixth Congress, and who will be greatly missed, are Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, who is dead; Alexander M. Dockery, of the same State, a well-informed member on the subject of public expenditures; Mr. Sayre of Texas, who possesses the same talent; and Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, now the Governor of his State. We shall have some old friends, however, especially Mr. Catchings of Mississippi, the ablest Southerner on the floor.

The change of members in the Southern States does not indicate an indifference of the people to the value of old servants. Perhaps popular indifference may be said to mark Congressional elections generally, and it is quite likely that some men have remained in the House of Representatives term after term because there was no one to dispute their possession. But as a rule the man who is kept in the Senate or the House is one who, for some reason or other, has proved useful to his State or constituents, or who has made his fellow-citizens proud of him. Changes of Representatives indicate generally indifferent men, or worse, or else a popular restlessness and protest against existing political conditions. In the Southern States we are seeing in the Senate the results of a revolt of the substratum Democrats against the old-fashioned Democracy, whose leaders were the Democratic aristocrats who nearly forty years ago led their States into rebellion against the general government. Here is also the expression of a protest of offended people against what they regard as the betrayal of their party and its principles by the coterie of Democrats in Congress led once by Samuel J. Randall and afterwards by Arthur P. Gorman. Those who think they were thus betrayed have turned from their free-trade and sound-money principles to populism—from the old leaders like Carlisle, Wilson, Caffery, Wade Hampton, and John B. Gordon to new leaders like Tillman and Marion Butler. The result is bad for the South and has greatly contributed to the degeneracy of the Senate. New England and the country, on the other hand, have been greatly benefited, and will continue to be benefited by the services of Senators Hoar, Lodge, Hale, Hawley, Platt, and Aldrich. Of the twenty-three Representatives from New England only five are new men.

In the Middle States there is no Senator who has yet attained distinction as a legislator. General Sewell stands well as a man of influence, and may be counted as a good man of the second rank. His colleague, John Kean, is new to the Senate, but he was once a member of the House of Representatives and made a creditable record there. New York, now that Mr. Depew is a Senator, will not remain wholly silent in the debates of the body. Pennsylvania may possibly be fitly represented, although Senator Penrose has not yet taken advantage of his opportunity to show that he is of old-time Senatorial timber.

Changes in the Middle States representation in the House are numerous. Thirteen of the thirty members from Pennsylvania, and nineteen of the thirty-four from New York, are new. In New Jersey, two of the eight are new. This, however, does not indicate as grievous a state of affairs as might be presumed from the mere statistics. Pennsylvania has one distinguished member, Galusha A. Grow, who was Speaker in 1861, and one strong leader, John Dalzell, of Pittsburg. She has also some useful members, the city of Philadelphia having the wholesome fashion of retaining its members, sometimes for many years. General Bingham and Mr. Harmer from the city, for example, are the veterans of the House, and Mr. Robert Adams, who has been in the diplomatic service, promises well. Mr. Brosius of the Lancaster district is a worthy member, but there is not a man of first-rate importance, except Mr. Dalzell, in any of the Middle States Congressional delegations. Sereno E. Payne, James W. Wadsworth, and James S. Sherman—all of New York—are valuable members and men of a good deal of influence. They are excellent committeemen and are head and shoulders above their colleagues from the State. Mr. Payne will be titular leader of the House. Sulzer is the most distinguished New York Representative on the Democratic side of the House, and that he is put forward by Mr. Croker for the leadership of the minority is interesting. It shows, first, the appearance of Croker on the field of national politics; second, the poverty of the New York delegation; and, third, Croker's notion of a statesman. Among the Representatives of the city of New York there is not a man who would be missed, and only three at the outside—McClellan, Levy, and Chanler—who are fitted by either intelligence or character to be members of Congress. But with the exception of John Murray Mitchell, who was a useful and industrious member, not one of the men whom the new Representatives have replaced was one whit better. And this is true of the new and old members of Pennsylvania also. Of the New Jersey delegation, Mr. Fowler has shown the possession of a good deal of ability, especially on the financial question.

New England and the Middle States have very little debating talent, so far as we know. John Dalzell is the real leader of the House, although Sereno E. Payne is likely to be the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Dalzell is, however, by far the abler man, and probably intellectually the strongest man in the House. Mr. Moody of Massachusetts is the only other Eastern member who is likely to shine in debate, and Mr. Moody is likely to develop into one of the leading men of Congress. He is now in his third Congress. Mr. Charles A. Russell, of Connecticut, is a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and is respected. Boutelle of Maine is one of the best men in the House. But Dalzell and Moody are in reality the only men from the East who can be classified as first-class men. This part of the country has lost immensely in weight of character and ability and in influence by the resignation of Speaker Reed and the death of Nelson Dingley, Jr. The loss of Mr. Joseph Henry Walker, of Massachusetts, is also a serious one, for with all his eccentricities, he was of great service in the discussion of financial questions, although he was very difficult in the committee-room and in the preparation of financial legislation.

In the Middle West there are some excellent debaters in the Senate, and two Senators at least—John C. Spooner of Wisconsin, and Allison of Iowa—who rank with the best men from New England. Of the others we are, as I have said, to expect something remarkable of Mr. Beveridge of Indiana, and we know Burrows of Michigan and Foraker of Ohio. Minnesota has a very strong representation in the Senate in Knute Nelson and Cushman K. Davis. Cullom and Mason of Illinois are well known, and Cullom is a worthy Senator. Mason is an orator of the florid kind.

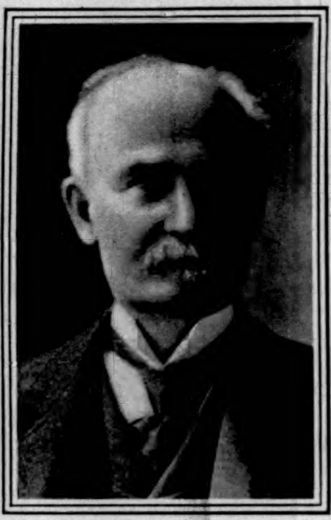
In the House Middle West representation there have been a number of changes. In Illinois, eight of the twenty-two Representatives are new; in Indiana, three of the thirteen are new; in Iowa, there are five new out of eleven; in Michigan, four out of twelve; in Ohio, four out of twenty-one. The Middle West is very much superior in its Senators and Representatives to the Middle States. It has no really first-rate man, except perhaps Mr. Hitt, but it has a number of serviceable men of long experience and sufficient talent—men who are often more useful legislators than more brilliant members. Among these useful and experienced Representatives Joseph E. Cannon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, must be counted very high; and in the Illinois delegation, besides Mr. Hitt and Mr. Cannon, we have Mr. Hopkins, whose service has been long and honorable. In Iowa, besides Mr. Henderson, the

Speaker, we have Mr. Hepburn, who has distinguished himself. He has been, and is to be again, chairman of the Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, and from that vantage-ground he hopes to push through the Nicaragua Canal bill at this session. In the Minnesota delegation, Mr. James T. McCleary has made his mark in financial legislation, and is the author of an admirable banking and currency bill. From Ohio the most distinguished Representative is Charles H. Grosvenor, who is hardly, however, to be taken as a serious contribution to the legislative or oratorical talent of the House of Representatives. His chief concern seems to be to lead attacks, feigned or real, on the civil service reform law. These are the names of note among the members from the Middle West. The only member of the Fifty-fifth Congress from this section of the country who was not returned to the Fifty-sixth, who will be missed, and whose absence will be a loss to Congress, is Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana, whose talents and independence made him a man of note and importance.

In the delegation from the far West and the Pacific coast, more than half the California Representatives are new—four out of seven. The two Representatives from Colorado are old; five of the seven from Kansas are new. The Montana member is new. Three of the six from Nebraska are new men. The North Dakota member and the two South Dakota members are new; so is one of the two Oregon Representatives; so is the Utah member, Brigham H. Roberts, whose seat is to be contested on the ground that he is living in violation of the anti-polygamy law. The two Washington members and the Wyoming member are new. In fact, almost a brand-new delegation comes from the Northwest and the Pacific coast. Of thirty-two districts, twenty-one have returned new men, although three of these served in the Fifty-fourth Congress.

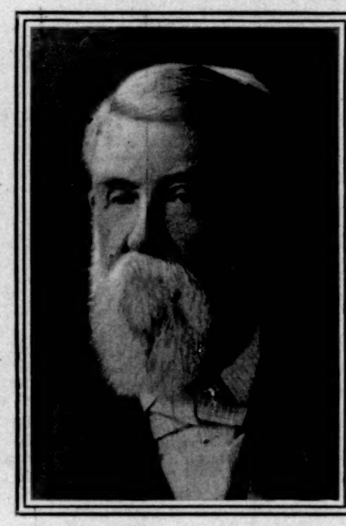
Among the Senators from this part of the country is by far the most accomplished orator of the Senate, Mr. Wolcott; and his colleague, Mr. Teller, was a very influential and highly respected member of the body, until he gave up all his old political associates for the cause of silver. Senators Stewart and Jones will continue to talk about silver; but the Senate has lost Mr. White of California, and, happily, William V. Allen of Nebraska, whose chief accomplishment was the power to talk for days against time. Perhaps Mr. Bryan will come back in his stead, by appointment of the Governor, for Monroe L. Hayward, the Republican Senator who was elected to succeed Allen, is said to be dying. Something of importance is expected from Mr. Simon, the new Senator from Oregon.

The political complexion of Congress has already been given. Ordinarily in the mid-term elections the voting goes against the administration, but Mr. McKinley was fortunate in carrying the country and having Congress in sympathy with him during the last two years of his term of office. He has a much smaller majority in the House than he had in the Fifty-fifth Congress, but a larger one in the Senate. Some of the changes in the party balances in the House delegations are interesting as showing the tenacity of the hold on the country which was gained by the Republican party in 1896. The South, for example, has 68 Democrats, 17 Republicans, and one Populist, instead of 55 Democrats, 26 Republicans, and 5 Populists. In New England, the Democrats gained only 2, both in Massachusetts. In the Middle States, the Democrats have 30 Representatives, and the Republicans 42, in the present House. In the Fifty-fifth Congress the Republicans had 63, and the Democrats 9. There was the great turning over. In the State of New York, the delegation in the last House stood 28 Republicans to 6 Democrats. In the present House, it stands 18 Democrats to 16 Republicans. The Pennsylvania delegation in the last House stood 27 Republicans to 3 Democrats; in the present House it stands 20 to 10. The changes in the Middle West were slight. It was in New York and the Southern States that the strength of the Democratic movement was felt in 1898.



ROBERT R. HITT, Illinois.

JAMES S. SHERMAN, New York.



CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, Ohio.

WILLIAM SULZER, New York.

Anglo-Boer Strategy

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. A. JONES, U. S. ENGINEERS

STRATEGY is the art of "get there," of being there in condition to insure beating the enemy in battle, or otherwise being able to take care of yourself as against the enemy and other local conditions. The objective of the English army in South Africa is Pretoria, with Bloemfontein *en passant*. There is where it wants to go. It is often said that the principal object of a military campaign is the army of the enemy, but by moving on these points his army will surely be found there, or at places on the way. There are railroads leading to these objective points, and they dictate the line of approach.

The Transvaal and the Orange Free State are on a high table-land, bordered on the east and southeast by very rugged and difficult mountains, which descend sharply into the low country along the sea-coast. The passes are few, and can be defended with great advantage by the Boers. A line of railroad from the coast at Durban pierces the mountains and leads to Pretoria by way of Ladysmith. The line traverses Natal, which drives itself like a wedge northward into the divide at the pass of Laing's Nek. This line of approach to Pretoria, while rather short, passes for a long distance through very rugged country that has many lines of great defensive strength.

From the southward the great table-land is approached by an open country, with long and easy slopes. Along this line there are two railroads, substantially parallel, and at a distance apart that will permit two columns to move forward in touch with each other. This enormously increases the facility and velocity with which a large number of men and war material can be projected towards the objective of the campaign. The line is much longer than that through Natal, but on account of the railroad facilities the increased distance is a matter of no great moment. The principal difficulty will be the protection of the long line of communications from raiding parties of the Boers. But a large army in the Orange Free State will keep most of the Boers busy in front, while, with the armored trains as wrecking-trains, and plenty of small defensive parties strung along the line, it should not be a difficult matter to keep it open.

The Boers are making great play. They are trying and hoping that the English army will make its approach on the Natal line. Their whole movement is a brilliant and daring invitation. At the same time they are striving to occupy the two strongly defensive lines in the mountains south of Ladysmith. Their failure to overwhelm and crush General White's army has very much delayed them, and they may not get either of these lines. General White has handled himself unusually well. His attack at Elandslaagte, which was criticised so much at first, was a necessary move to cover the retreat of a part of his command from Dundee—an untenable and undesirable position. It is doubtful if the English try to force the Boers out of Natal. Rather will they do everything they can to keep them there. It is a fatal position for the Boers, because it leaves them uncovered at their weakest point. The time is probably near at hand when the grass will not grow under their feet while they are taking themselves out of that locality, leaving small forces to defend the passes, while they hasten to the fortifications of Pretoria. The great fighting will be there, unless they have the wisdom to give up the unequal and hopeless contest beforehand. There is a strange parallel between these Boers and the North-American Indians. When the greatest deposit of gold the mind of man ever dreamed of was uncovered on the barren Witwatersrand, the chariot of civilization rolled into their country. Rather than get into the wagon and play their rôle for just exactly what they were worth—as people do in real republics—they have thrown themselves under the wheels, in a vain hope of stopping the great procession.

MR. DOOLEY*

XI.—HIS OPINIONS ON PUBLIC FICKLENESS

MR. DOOLEY put his paper aside and pushed his spectacles up on his forehead. "Well," he said, "I suppose, afther all, we're th' mos' lively nation in the wurruld. It doesn't seem manny months ago since ye, Hinnissy, was down at th' depot cheerin' th' departin' heroes—"

"I niver was," said Mr. Hennessy. "I stayed at home."

"Since ye was down cheerin' th' departin' heroes," Mr. Dooley continued, "an' thryin' to collect what they owed ye. Th' papers was full iv news iv th' war. Private Jawn Thomas Bozoom, iv Woonsocket, a mimber iv th' gallant an' devoted wan hundhred an' eighth Rhode Island, accidentally slipped on a orange-peel while attimptin' to lave th' recruitin'-office, an' sustained manny con-tu-sions. He rayfused to be taken home, an' insisted on jinin' his rig'mint at th' rayciption in th' fair-groun's. Gallant Private Bozoom! That's th' stuff that American heroes ar-re made iv. Ye find thim at th' forge an' at th' plough, an' dhrivin' sthreet cars, an' ridin' in th' same. Th' favored few has th' chanst to face th' bullets iv th' inimy. 'Tis f'r these unknown pathrites to prove that a man can sarve his counthry at home as well as abroad. Private Bozoom will not be f'rgot be his fellow-counthrymen. A rayciption has been arranged f'r him at th' Woonsocket op'ry-house, an' 'tis said, if he will accipt it, th' vote iv th' State iv Rhode Island 'll be cast f'r him f'r Prisidint. 'Tis at such times as this that we reflict that th' wurruld has wurruk f'r men to do, an' mere politicians mus' retire to th' rear.

"That was a few months ago. Where's Bozoom now? If iver ye go to Woonsocket, Hinnissy—which Gawd f'rbid!—ye'll find him behind th' counther iv th' grocery-store ladlin' out rutabaga turnips into a brown-paper cornucopy an' glad to be alive. An' 'tis tin to wan, an' more thin that, that th' town humorist has named him th' orange-peel hero, an' he'll go to his grave with that name. Th' war is over, an' th' state iv war exists. If ye saw a man fall fr'm th' top iv a tin-story buildin' 'twud startle ye, wanst. If it happened again, 'twud surprise ye. But if ye saw a man fall ivry fifteen minyits, ye'd go home afther a while f'r supper, an' ye wuddent even mintion it to ye'er wife.

"I don't know how manny heroes they ar-re in th' Philippeens. Down there a man is ayther a sojer or a casualty. Bein' a casualty is no good. I cud say about a man, 'He was a hero in th' war with Spain,' but how can I say, 'Shake hands with Bill Grady, wan iv the ladin' casualties iv our late war'? 'Twud be no more thin to say he was wan iv th' gallant men that voted f'r Prisidint in 1896.

"No, Hinnissy, people wants novelties in war. Th' war fashions iv 1898 is out iv style. They ar-re too full in th' waist an' too long in th' skirt. Th' style has changed. There ar-re fifty thousand backward men in th' fair isles iv th' Passyfic, fightin' to free th' Philippeen fr'm himsilf, an' becomin' a casualty in th' operation, but no wan is charterin' ar-rmy hospital-ships f'r thim.

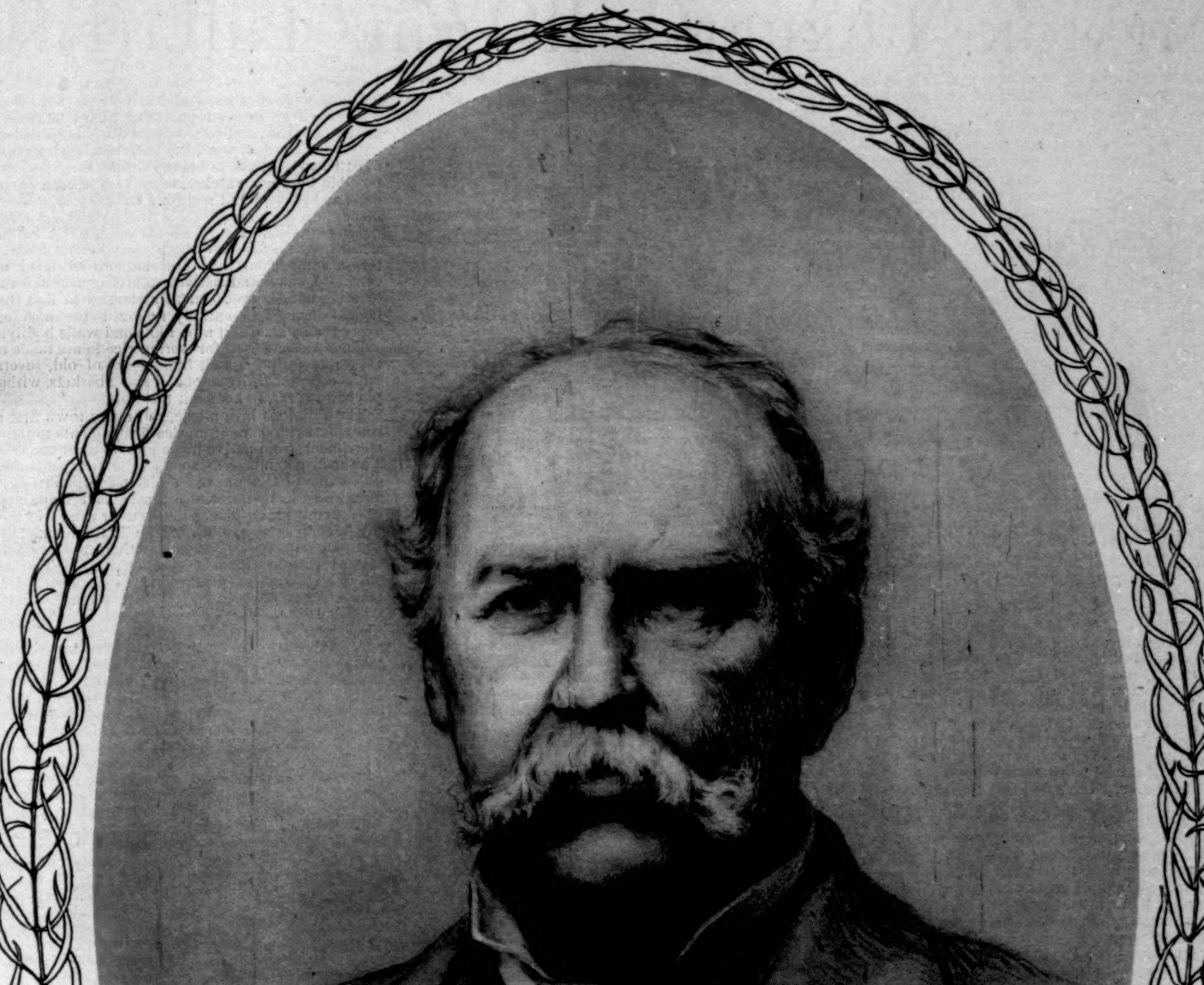
"No wan is convartin' anny steam-yachts f'r thim. No wan is sindin' eighty tons iv plum-puddin' to complete th' wurruk iv destruction. They ar're in a war that 'd make th' British throops in Africa think they were drillin' f'r a prize banner. But 'tis an onfashionable war. 'Tis an ol' war made over fr'm garments formerly worn by heroes. Whin a man is out in th' counthry with wan newspaper, an' has read th' authentic despatches fr'm Ladysmith, an' Harrismith, an' Willumaldensmith, an' Mysteriousbillysmith, an' th' meetin' iv th' Czar iv Rooshia with th' Imp'ror Willum, an' th' fire in th' packin'-house, an' th' report iv th' canal thrustees, an' th' fightin' news, an' th' want ads., an' afther he has r-read thim over twinty times, he looks at his watch, an' says he, 'Holy smoke! 'tis two hours to thrain-time, an' I suppose I'll have to r-read th' news fr'm the Philippeens.' War, be hivins, is so common that I believe if we was to take on a fight with all th' wurruld not more thin half th' popylation iv New England 'd die iv hear-rt-disease befure they got into th' cellars.

"Th' new style iv war is made in London, an' all our set is simply stuck on it. Th' casualties in th' Philippeens can walk home, but is it possible that anny thrue an' well-dhressed American can stand to see th' signs iv th' ancient British aristocracy taken care iv be their own gover'mint? 'What!' says Lady John Jennings (her that was th' daughter iv wan iv our bravest an' best racontoors)—'what!' she says, 'will anny American woman residin' in London see men shot down,' she says, 'that has but recently played polo in our very sight,' she says, 'an' be brought home in mere thransports?' she says. 'Ladies,' she says, 'lave us equip a hospital-ship,' she says. 'I thrust,' she says, 'that all iv us has been long enough fr'm home to f'rget our despicable domestic struggles,' she says, 'an' think on'y iv humanity,' she says. 'An' whin she opens up th' shop f'r subscriptions ye'd think fr'm th' crowd that 'twas th' first night iv th' horse show. I don't know what Lem Stiggins, iv Kansas—marked down in th' roll, private in th' Twintieth Kansas, Severely—I don't know what Private Severely thinks iv it. An' I wuddent like to know till afther Thanksgivin'."

"Don't be blatherin'," said Mr. Hennessy. "Sure ye can't ixpict people to be inthrested f'river in a first performance."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "but whin th' audjeence gives th' comp'ny an' encore, it ought at laste to pretind that it's not lavin' f'r th' other show." F. P. DUNNE.

* Copyright, 1899, by Robert Howard Russell.



GARRET AUGUSTUS HOBART, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Born June 3, 1844. After a Photograph by Pach Brothers. Died November 21, 1899.

NONE who has filled the office of Vice-President has been more conspicuous in the activities of his party than Mr. Garret A. Hobart. The office is usually a shelf on which the man who holds it is laid away. Mr. Hobart was the only Vice-President, with the exception of Hannibal Hamlin, who made himself part of the administration, and, even more than Hamlin, he was a valuable member of the administration, and his personality made a deep impression upon it.

He began to play an unusually distinguished part at the very beginning of his candidacy. He said, in his speech of acceptance: "An honest dollar, worth one hundred cents everywhere, cannot be coined out of fifty-three cents' worth of silver, plus a legislative fiat. Such a debasement of our currency would inevitably produce incalculable loss, appalling disaster, and national dishonor." In his formal letter of acceptance he said:

If we are to continue to hold our place among the great commercial nations we must cease juggling with this question, and make our honesty of purpose clear to the world. No room should be left for misconception as to the meaning of the language used in the bonds of the government not yet matured. It should not be possible for any party or individual to raise a question as to the purpose of the country to pay all its obligations in the best form of money recognized by the commercial world.

These words set the key of the campaign and fixed the standard for the debate.

Since Mr. Hobart has been in Washington he has greatly endeared himself to those with whom he has been associated. His counsels have been sought by the President and the cabinet. His tact has been of invaluable service on more than one important occasion. His delightful amiability has made him strong friends both in the cabinet and in the Senate.

Mr. Hobart was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey, June 3, 1844. He was graduated at Rutgers College in 1863, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He has diligently practised his profession at Paterson ever since, performing also with zeal and ability his duties as a citizen. In 1873 he was chosen a member of the Legislature of New Jersey. He was Speaker in 1874, and Senator in 1875. In 1880 he was the candidate of his party, then in the minority, for the United States Senatorship. He was an exceptionally able member of the Republican National Committee, and is entitled to the credit of having carried the State for the Republicans when the present Attorney-General, Mr. Griggs, was elected Governor.

He led a characteristic American life, and achieved a characteristic American success. He was born on a farm, worked his way to fortune and distinction by native talent and by industry, performed the exacting duties of citizenship with conscience and good sense, and reached a goal which is the high reward of honorable striving.

Campaign Luxuries in the Philippines

AFTER THE FIGHTING—AUTOMATIC PIANO AT APALIT.

MANY and incongruous are the quarters, luxuries, and discomforts of campaigning in the Philippines. To-night sleeping in a rice-field in the mud and rain, last night in the queer luxury of a wealthy Filipino sugar-planter's house, to-morrow night in a leaky church. One day with easy-chairs and music, the next sitting in the mud, listening to the rain. Here are a few of these features of the advance since the camp at Malolos, where General MacArthur's division staid for several weeks.

The artillery of the second division was quartered in the hall of the Filipino Congress, amid the withering decorations and festoons which hung from pillar to pillar, surrounding the names of the noted Filipino leaders; relics of the hopes and ambitions of the aspiring Congress were on every hand, but in the press of a campaign sentiment does not count; these relics were taken simply at their face value as camp conveniences. The benches on which the members of the Congress had sat in solemn session made passable beds. The President's chair of state made a very good lounging-seat, for it was big and comfortable, and had long-extended arms which were just the thing to hang feet and legs over. Court-martial cases for petty offences were tried on the spot where the Filipino cabinet ministers had held sway.

At sick-call the men came in to see the doctor where the proud audience used to listen to floods of eloquence. At night the starving cats would prowl about the dark corners of the big hall during the stilly hours, giving rise to visions of bolo-men, and altogether this cradle of Filipino liberty made one of the best camps of the season.

The beds and mirrors and lamps and other little luxuries were moved out from the living-quarters of the hall into the air, under the spreading shade trees, where the guns and gunners had their camp.

There was some dispute as to which of the handsome beds had been Aguinaldo's own, but popular judgment settled upon the largest and most elaborately carved one, with the huge canopy resting on four tall turned posts.

It was a great favorite, and worked twenty-four hours a day. The weary gunners who used it during the day found it sunny until they cut two of the posts off short. This did not improve its appearance, but it threw a grateful shade on the sleepers.

Against one of the trees leaned a six-foot mirror, and fancy pictured Aguinaldo, arrayed in his state uniform, surveying his magnificence in this particular glass. This added to the enjoyment of the artillery privates, who loved to make their toilets luxuriously before this startling glass. There was many a surprised man who, when happening along that way, caught sight of his own full-length reflection for the first time since leaving the civilization of Manila for the primitive life of the camp, where the exquisite of the city cheerfully becomes a tramp in a week or less.

General MacArthur's white collars, cuffs, and kid gloves were the constant wonder of his division in the field. Few believed the base libel, which some one started, that the frequent pauses in the onward march at various camps were caused by a delay in the ironing of his laundry.

The problem of sleeping successfully is probably of more real interest to the campaigner than any other one thing, excepting, of course, his rations, and, if he is a fighting-man, his rifle and ammunition.

The bamboo floors of the native huts make pleasant beds. They are laid like laths, and the air comes up from below and the slats make ridges in the sleeper, but they have some spring to them, and this is the kind of bed most of the American soldiers are sleeping on now. A rice-field, with a ridge of sod for a pillow, is not so pleasant, for there are lumps and lizards and things in the grass, and it is altogether likely to rain hard before morning; and although mud is soft to lie in, it is not really enjoyable, especially as wet clothes grow chilly towards dawn.

Hospital-corps people are good friends in need frequently, for their stretchers, when not in professional use, make famous beds; to be sure, they are rather rickety after long service, and they have large dark brown blotches on them where the blood from wounded men has soaked into the canvas; but they are soft, and well up out of the mud.

Now that the rainy season is on in full force, the problem for the men in the field is to keep dry. Quarters have been chosen carefully, and those not on outpost duty can keep dry enough. The guard marches out to duty in ponchos and rain-coats, with pillows and matting under the arms of cautious individuals who, while they must be wet, believe in being as clean and comfortable as possible between watches, when they spread their straw mats and pillows, and reclining their weary wetness, they manage to get through their thirty-six hours away from quarters, to which they return by wading or in boats when the rains are very high over the rice-fields. Shelters are made on the outposts with whatever material comes to hand, and natives returning through our lines to their homes are frequently startled to find that their houses have been entirely removed, the men carrying away the bamboo and nipa roofs and walls bodily.

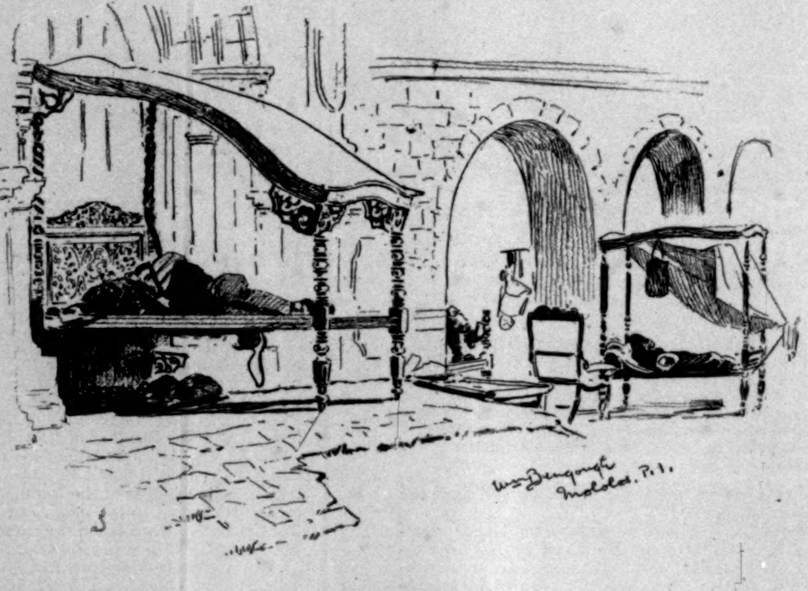
Huge baskets used for storing rice in are made to serve the same purpose, and, like Moses of old, several men will sleep peacefully in one of these baskets, without any pitch, however, to keep out the wet.

The Filipinos love music, and every town first entered contributes its share of musical instruments to the general merriment, from native-made guitars to automatic pianos. The men get music as soon as the insurgents are driven out. One of General Otis's bitter complaints is that the volunteers, in their love for music, have made a practice of carrying grand-pianos out to their camps in the field.

Along the shore south of Manila the towns have been bombarded by our fleet, and, as there were very few targets except the church roofs and towers which rose above the trees, these conspicuous marks have served as playthings for the gunboats; they are riddled and torn and battered until there is scarcely whole roof enough left to keep a dry spot on the floor when it rains.

Nevertheless, when the troops first moved into these towns the churches were among the first barracks, and being overtaken by the rain in Bacoor on the first night in, and finding all the available floor space in the church occupied, I discovered that the pulpit was vacant, and after scraping out the mortar and bricks which had been knocked off the roof and walls, with a saddle for a pillow, and the moon looking down through the open hanging roof in the intervals of rain, passed a luxurious night in company with the usual assortment of ants, mosquitos, and lizards.

AGUINALDO'S MIRROR—MALOLOS.



BED AT MALOLOS—USED BY AGUINALDO.

A Retrospect

AT THE ELEVATED-RAILROAD STATION

ALONE amid this noisy mob to-night,
  Elbowed and jostled, crowded, pushed aside,
 Somehow I think of you, far from my sight—
  You whom I knew so well in days that died.

Do you reproach me, since my heart seems cold,
  And silent lips in pain and pride are curled,
That now I seem to lose the warmth of old,
  And tread a stranger to my boyhood world?

Do I regret you? Oh, you know full well
  How I would gladly come to seek you, sweet,
The old love-stories in your ears to tell,
  And hold your hand while nestling at your feet.

Ah, once again to feel the old-time thrills,
  The sweet, sharp poignancy of perished bliss,
With veins agush like purple wine-press rills,
  The whole world concentrating in a kiss!

I see blue skies, the hill in dreamy haze;
  The trills of thrushes pierce ecstatic air;
I sigh with sweetness of your gentle gaze,
  And trembling, twine white lilies in your hair.

But Fate has parted us; our dreams must die;
  Where Duty calls me, there my feet must go.
This rumbling railroad station, perched on high,
  Brings back to mind the Real World Below.

Like blood-red poppies strewn through twinkling wheat,
  The city lamps are flickering from afar;
A fiery serpent sweeps a curving street,
  And like a jewelled beetle creeps a car.

And mute above, I see the secret stars,
  The Greater Bear beyond the Northern Crown;
Below me, raging at his iron bars,
  The Flaming Dragon of the sleepless Town.

WALTER MALONE.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE is only one reason why we should not laugh over the din that was raised because Admiral Dewey gave his Washington house to his wife. The din hurt the Admiral's feelings, and we don't like his feelings to be hurt. He said, last week, according to the New York *Sun:*

Where I was a hero two months ago, I am now reduced to such a position that certain people cannot say things too villanous, too scurrilous, about me; and no one defends me.

When he spoke, the defence had not had time to line up. Probably he has been made aware by this time that he still has friends. All the same, he does not really need defenders. He has done nothing that needed even so much explanation as he gave of it. He might do worse than to follow the example of the Duke of Wellington and have iron shutters put on the windows of his Washington house against the day when his admirers may come to break his glass.

He has explained that he gave the house to Mrs. Dewey as a token of affection, but that she only consented to accept it on the understanding that eventually it should go to the Admiral's son, along with certain property of her own. This explanation must make the Admiral's recent critics feel very cheap indeed; but, after all, they have shown themselves to be so void of discretion and delicacy that it is not of much consequence how they feel.

It has pleased the American people for the last year and a half to make Admiral Dewey the exponent of their own vanity. The dimensions of his exploit at Manila have been magnified; he has been assured that he is the greatest naval hero the world ever saw, and abundant reason has been given him to believe in the sincerity of that assurance. Washington and Lincoln, Grant and Farragut, have been invited to move up and make room for him. Buckets of the most subtle and powerful mental intoxicants have been brewed for him, and it has been insisted that he should drain them all in the presence of the brewers. He has dodged as many of them as he possibly could. He has underrated, if anything, the importance of his exploits, and shown a decided and constant reluctance to wear the halo which his admiring fellow-countrymen have thought to be becoming to him. As an officer, a popular hero, and a gentleman he has conducted himself with admirable gallantry, discretion, and good taste, and the chances are that if he continues to take counsel of his own good sense there will be nothing in his behavior which he or his friends will find occasion to regret.

As for the Washington house, the clamor over that was mortifying, but it should not have distressed the Admiral. The reaction is more like to inconvenience him than the original disturbance.

A PRIVATE letter from the Philippines, dated about the middle of September, expresses strong convictions as to the need of mounted troops. The writer says:

The problem is simply to catch the insurgents, just as it used to be to catch the Indians in the West. Therefore the problem is simply one of transportation. Our troops afoot are not in it. Mounted troops will have to settle the muss, except perhaps when we first begin to move. The insurgents always have, and always will, light out in time to fight again another day. With mounted troops to catch them, it will be a different story. Five troops of the Fourth Cavalry are now mounted on American horses, and two on ponies. American horses do well here when fed on forage from America, and the mules are in fine shape. With suitable transportation our troops could be from three to five times more effective.

More horses and mules have arrived in the Philippines since this letter was written, and their usefulness appears in the accounts we have of what Lawton and Young have been doing.

This same writer expresses his satisfaction with the Filipino climate. "I am well," he writes, "and most of the officers and men whom I see are well. Every one who doesn't actually get down sick seems to have good health here. I think the climate better than that of various posts in America where I have been stationed, and it is incomparably healthier than Chickamauga was two years ago."

Old residents of the Philippines say there is no special difficulty about keeping well there if one takes fair care of himself and is discreetly abstemious. There is a concurrence of testimony that adventurers who try to consume in the tropics as much alcohol as they have been used to drink in the temperate zone come to grief and are disconcerted as to their livers. If the Americans are maintaining in Manila as many saloons as they are credited with, and are still efficient, it attests partly that they are hardy, and partly that they are new-comers.

THE letter-writer above quoted says that American horses do well in the Philippines provided they have American forage. It is related that when the troops under General Merritt first went to Manila it became necessary to look for native food for the few horses that accompanied them. Men with market-baskets went out, and when they came to a grass-patch, cut the grass with a knife, put it in their baskets, and went on to the next available door-yard.

An amusing story is told, too, about the water for those pioneer horses. The available water was brackish, and the horses wouldn't drink it until it had been sweetened. But the commissary had no authority to furnish sugar for horse beverages, and there was consequent embarrassment. The horses, however, had to have their *eau sucrée*, and of course they got it.

THERE have been and still are British authors who not only looked upon the republication of their books in the United States before the days of international copyright as theft, but who went so far as to regard the American publishers of such books as rascals. That view was never very common in England, but it existed, and still exists, and it is pleasant to find the contrary of it so well expressed as it is in a letter that came last week from London to the Messrs. Harper. In that letter the writer says:

I may say that I entirely disagree with the ideas of twenty years ago as to the "piratical" nature of American republications of non-copyright books. Unlike most authors, I am enough of an economist to know that unless an American publisher acquires copyright he can no more make a profit at my expense than he can at Shakspére's by republishing *Hamlet*. The English nation, when taxed for the support of the author by a price which includes author's royalties, whilst the American nation escapes that burden, may have a grievance against the American nation, but that is a very different matter from a grievance of the author against the American publisher.

The gentleman who entertains these intelligent sentiments is Mr. C. Bernard Shaw, the English novelist. Twelve years ago or more the Messrs. Harper republished a book of his, and sent him £10 in recognition of his moral right as an author to share any profits the book might yield. That was before the time of international copyright, and there was then no protection for the works of foreign authors in this country. All that American publishers had in such cases was an authorization of the use of advance sheets. Learning that this same book had been recently republished by another American house, Mr. Shaw sends back the £10, with thanks for its use, on the ground that since the book's republication even his moral claim to recognition by the original American publishers had lapsed.

So far as concerns the money, Mr. Shaw seems hardly to have been just to himself, for there are few books whose trade life exceeds ten years; but whether he is right or not about the check, the reasonableness of his general sentiments, as quoted, is apparent, and is much appreciated.

THE projectors of the plan for reproducing in marble the Dewey arch in New York took occasion last week to emphasize the fact that the marble arch, if it ever comes true, is to stand in honor of the whole American navy, and not of any single hero. The arch, as it stands, is the Dewey arch, designed and built in honor of the Admiral's return, but the arch-to-be will be the Navy arch. This has been the understanding since the project of making the arch permanent first took form, and though it was somewhat ungracious to call special attention to it last week, while the Admiral was, in a way, under fire, it is proper enough that it should be understood.

SOME time ago, as a consequence of an investigation of the management of the Elmira Reformatory, the authority of the superintendent to use corporal punishment in that institution was suspended. It appears that Superintendent Brockway holds that corporal punishment is indispensable to the maintenance of proper discipline, and complains that the severest punishment he can now use with incorrigibles is solitary confinement, which does not better them, but tends to drive them insane. Report says that he has asked the managers to permit "paddling" again, and that they have referred his request to the Governor, and that he has refused it. The matter will doubtless come before the New York State Legislature at its next session. The alternative to a resumption of "paddling" at Elmira seems to be the transfer to other institutions of all cases which fail to respond well to reformatory treatment.

The efficacy of corporal punishment as a means of discipline, so much mooted everywhere nowadays, seems to be complicated at Elmira by Mr. Brockway's personality. He has been held up before the public in some newspapers as an ogre who takes personal delight in whippings, and his other work at Elmira has been made to appear of small consequence compared with his skill in laying on stripes. This treatment of him has been abominably unjust. As a matter of fact, the reformatory and educational system at Elmira has been a marvellous success and done a vast deal of good, and the mainspring of the whole organization has been Brockway. His record is so remarkable as to entitle him to the highest consideration as a penologist and as superintendent.

At the same time investigation into his methods of disciplining evil-doers has not left him in quite so good a case as it found him. He is well on in years, and because advancing years have usually impaired the efficiency, and sometimes the judgment, of other men, it is thought that they may have had that effect on him also. Altogether, public confidence in Mr. Brockway as a disciplinarian is impaired, justly or not, and whether corporal punishment is needed at Elmira or not, it does not seem likely that to him authority to inflict it will be restored.

SINCE the game with Yale, Harvard doubtless has had various feelings about her football eleven, though, in spite of disappointment, there have been few murmurs. There is a difference between disappointment and dissatisfaction, and though Harvard was abundantly disappointed, her dissatisfaction seems to have been confined to the inconsiderate. But, however she feels about the eleven, she must be proud of the crowd that looked on at the Yale game. It was a marvel in size, quality, and behavior. There was a big bank of Yale sympathizers, who would wave blue flags and howl in and out of season, but the vast Harvard contingent was orderly to a considerable fault, and in spite of the earnest efforts of the authorized rooters to stir it up. Towards the end of the game the rooters succeeded, in some measure, in making the Harvard contingent feel that it must do something to support the team, but its sentiment for a long time seemed to be that it would yell presently, when there was something to yell about, and that something never came in the great measure that was hoped for.

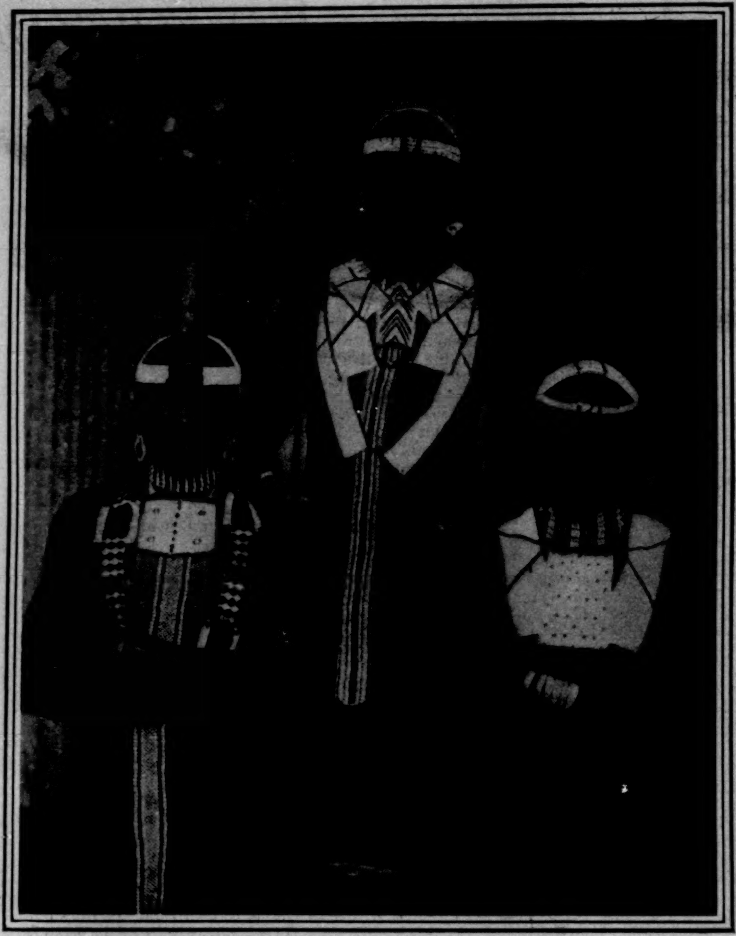
But what a crowd! The only way to have a bigger one would seem to be to have several gridirons, as the modern circus has several rings, and games in operation on each gridiron. The seats on the Soldiers' Field, at the Yale game, completely surrounded the football field, being built even over the entrances. The seats might rise higher, but they were high as it was. Yet, with about 35,000 tickets sold, the demand for tickets so far exceeded the supply that no one can say how many thousand more spectators would have seen the game if there had only been room.

The statisticians have not told us yet how great a transfer of money the game involved, but the amount must have been considerable enough to make a showing in the Boston bank balances. The $60,000 or more that was paid for tickets is only one item. The game being a tie, most of the bets were off, but railroad fares and hotel bills must have involved rather memorable disbursements.

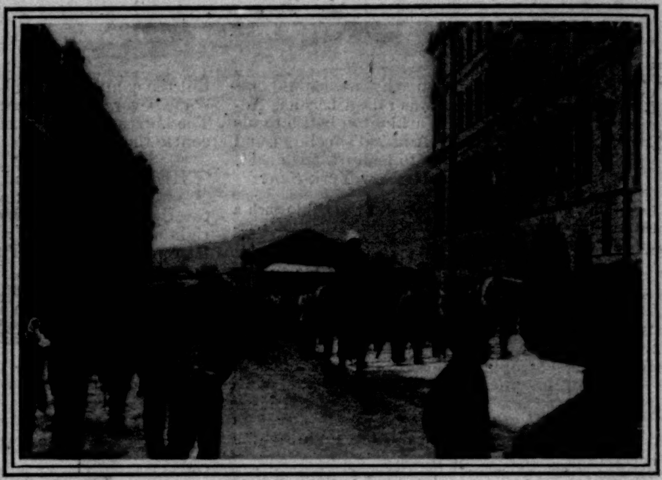
MR. THOMAS REED says that in this country it takes a great while to settle great questions by discussion, and that when they are settled they ought to be nailed down. Mr. Reed has had experience in settling things, and has doubtless done his part to make them stay settled. There is a way in which, if he will, he can do a service to this community for which we will all be grateful. If he will take a sledge and a keg of spikes, and join the session of the Fifth Avenue Church, and settle the Warzawiak question and spike it securely to something that will hold nails, we will all be grateful to him. The Warzawiak question has been settled from time to time, but it has fetched loose again every time. Less than a month ago it was supposed to have been arranged; but it has since broken out afresh, and fairly threatens to cripple, if not to ruin, what used to be the leading Presbyterian church in the country. Warzawiak is the Fifth Avenue Dreyfus. His case is not to be discussed in a paragraph; indeed, it seems to be past discussion; but if it could by some miracle be settled to the satisfaction of the session, the Presbytery, and Warzawiak himself, it would be a great relief.

ANOTHER case in dispute, the outcome of which is awaited with great interest, though not with the despair that clouds the Warzawiak matter, is that of Mr. Roberts the Mormon Congressman. Religious communities and churches all over the country have bestirred themselves to have Mr. Roberts expelled from Congress, because he has three wives who were left over from the period when plural marriages were fashionable in Utah and had not been prohibited by local laws. The opponents of Mr. Roberts aver that he is a violator of law; that his polygamous condition is an insult to the people of the United States; that to permit him to sit in Congress is to countenance and encourage polygamy, and that he was sent to Congress expressly that polygamy through him might be condoned and fostered. Mr. Roberts replies that his redundancy of wives is more his misfortune than his fault, and was incurred before Utah became a State and prohibited plural marriages. He declares that polygamy is dead in Utah, and has been given up by the Mormon Church, but that no law compels a Mormon to abandon such wives as he had incurred before polygamy was prohibited, and that there are no legal or moral reasons why he should abandon the second and third Mrs. Roberts, but that, on the contrary, there are obvious moral reasons why he should continue to cherish and maintain them. The fight is very hot, and there is a vast deal of interest in the outcome of it. The issue would seem to be one of fact and law, and not one of sentiment or religion. Most of us disbelieve strongly in the expediency as well as the propriety of polygamy, and fervently dislike the Mormon religion, but we want to see Mr. Roberts's case disposed of according to the law and evidence.

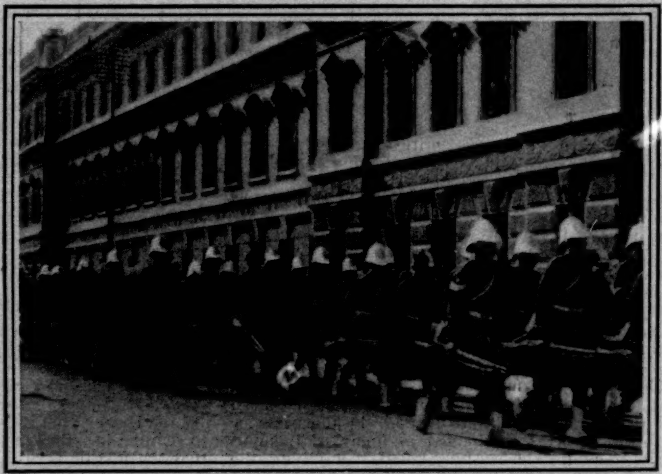
THE shower of Leonids which was expected on November 16 failed to arrive in anything like the force anticipated by astronomers, and there has been much dissatisfaction and conjecture in minds siderally inclined, in consequence. Leonids, it appears, are shooting-stars which are understood to emanate from the constellation Leo. They have been used to recur every thirty-four years, and when they come they make a beautiful show of celestial fireworks. Their first recorded appearance was in 902, and since then they have several times shown apparent irregularity in their recurrences. They were out in force in 1833, and again in 1867. Meteors were seen in fair numbers this year on the nights of November 13, 14, 15, and 16, but the display was not unusual, and the expected swarm did not turn up. The theory of Professor Pickering of Harvard is that there has been a miscalculation of the orbit of the swarm, or possibly a change in it, and that it will be along in 1901.



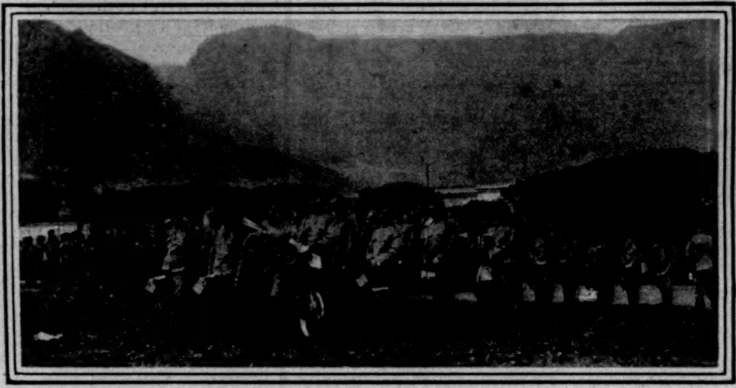
NATIVES OF NATAL, WHERE THE HEAVY FIGHTING BEGAN.



PASSING THE POST-OFFICE ON THE WAY TO CAMP.

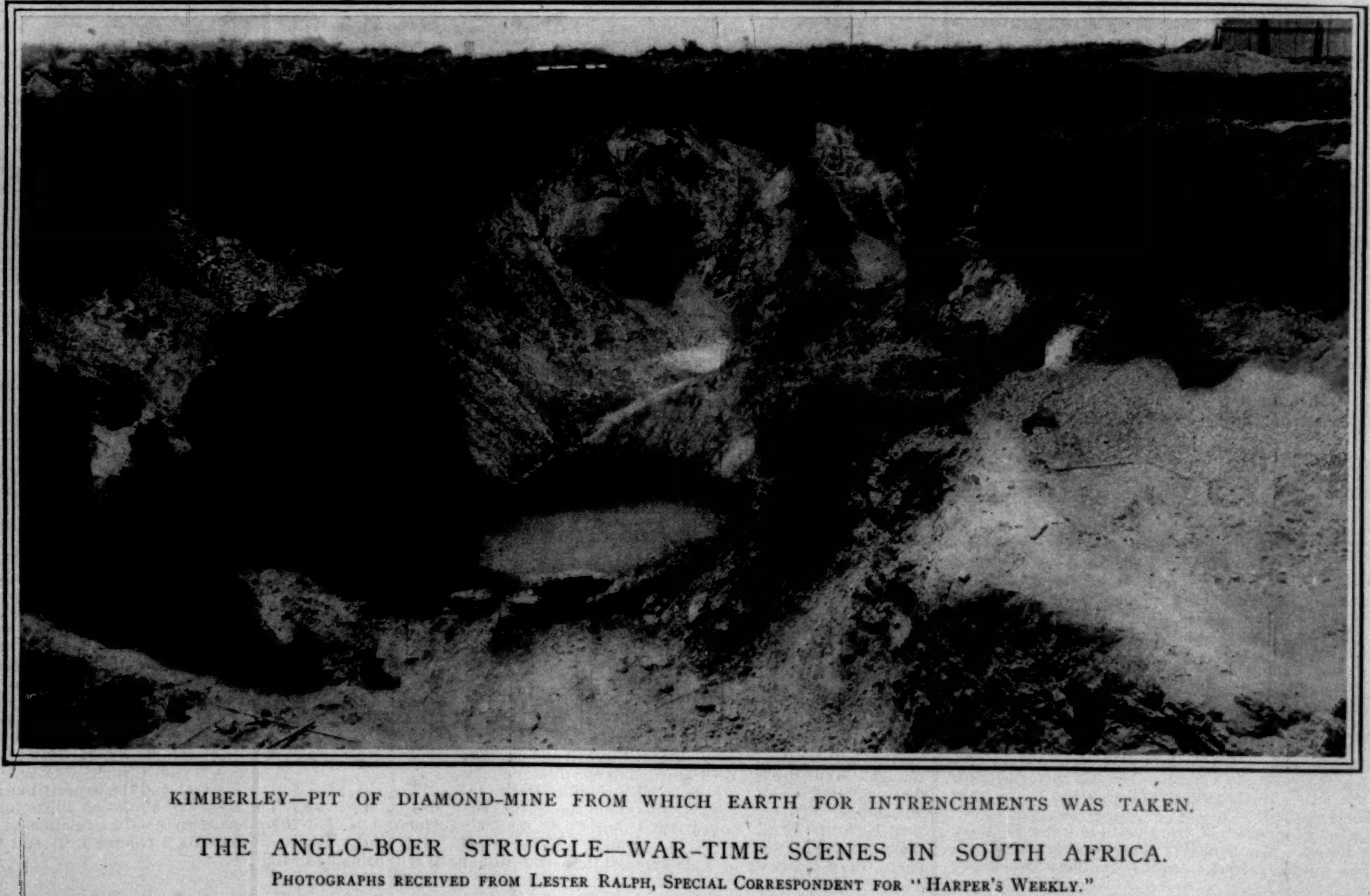


CAPE TOWN HIGHLANDERS IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.



THE "DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S OWN" VOLUNTEER RIFLE BAND.

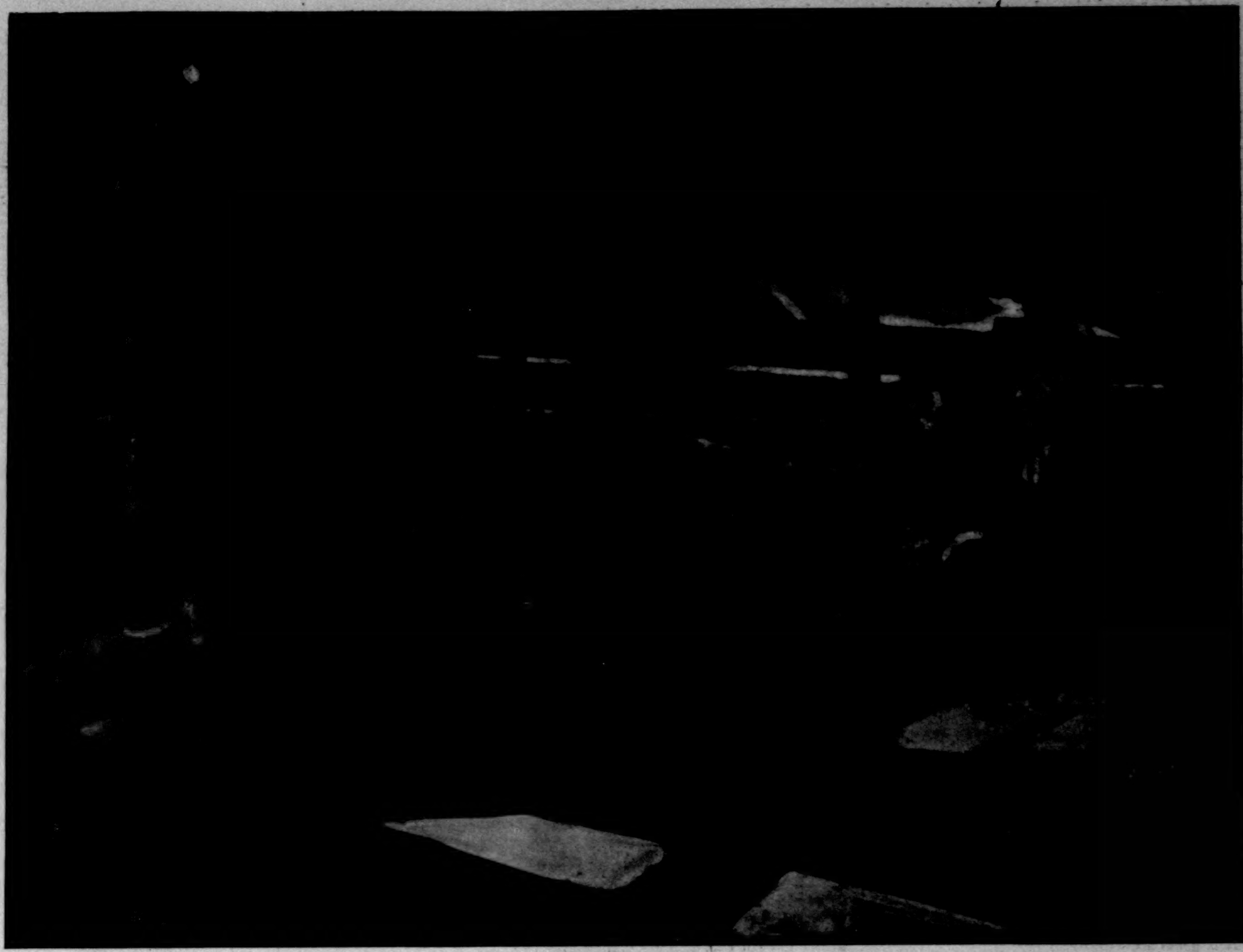
CAPE TOWN HIGHLANDERS LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.



KIMBERLEY—PIT OF DIAMOND-MINE FROM WHICH EARTH FOR INTRENCHMENTS WAS TAKEN.

THE ANGLO-BOER STRUGGLE—WAR-TIME SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs received from Lester Ralph, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."



Ghost Thanks. A Thanksgiving Story

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

I.

THE old coast houses of New England were built of oak and pine, and they decayed slowly. Their great stone chimneys remained long after the roofs had fallen away. The ruins furnished temporary shelters for fishermen in foul weather, and chambers in the chimneys, wherein meats used to be smoked and kept for the spit, were associated with legends of robberies at sea, from the time of the pirates Campbell and Kidd until the end of the days of the privateers.

Solitary, lonely, and gray, these chimneys rose in the clear, keen, silvery air on the bluffs, the decrepit orchards behind them, and a row of white buttonwood, shedding its parchmentlike bark before them.

I was sailing one day along the coast of Massachusetts Bay, my eye following the glimmering greenery of groves and orchards and household trees on homeward ways. One of these ancient chimneys broke the curving outline of roofs.

"They used to say that that chimney was haunted by the ghost of a Chinaman," said Sailor John, who was with me. "The people in these parts traded with China in the days of ginseng"—he pronounced the word gin*sang*.

I had read of many kinds of phantoms, but had never before heard of a phantom Chinaman on the New England coast. Ginseng, with its nasal pronunciation—what could that mean?

Old Captain John held the tiller, and looked curiously at the chimney as we passed. There was an osprey's nest in a decaying buttonwood-tree near the chimney, and gray-white ospreys, or fishing-hawks, were wheeling above it and circling towards the sea.

"What is gin*sang?*" I asked of Sailor John.

"Ginsang—didn't you never hear of ginsang? Ginsang grows on the hill-sides, in the woods of the West, in Pennsylvania and Virginia. There are patches of it on New England hills. It opened the port of Canton to the world; it is a magic plant, or so it was thought to be in China. The old warehouses along the wharves of Boston used to be stored with it; the Chinese once thought that it would cure all diseases and make the right kind of a man live forever. It had the 'gift of immortality,' the Chinese said. They exhausted their own supply in their provinces, and sought it from New England ships. Let's anchor, and go and lunch under the orchard trees near the stone chimney. I'll tell you there one of the most curious stories that you ever heard."

We anchored, stretched ourselves under the crooked apple-trees in the shadow of the sturdy smoke-chimney, where Sailor John told me a tale of a New England Thanksgiving dinner which was associated with events that seemed to solve, to my mind, some of the many mysteries of the soul. It furnished a strange chapter of the history of Massachusetts Bay, and held me with eyes fixed on the sea, not only because of its occult soul-analysis, but because it pictured the manner in which superstition opened the way to the China trade, and wrought mental miracles in China, like those which in many ways and under new forms find credence in New England to-day, and it left in my memory a haunting scene of a Thanksgiving dinner.

II.

BARNEY POST was a strange man—so began the primitive narrative—but he was an honest soul; he meant to do right, but there was an angle in his mind. He was a day-laborer in pleasant weather, and he went fishing on rainy days in summer. He had a sick wife and a great family of children, and he kept many dogs, as such men who can hardly feed their own families do.

A terrible thing had happened on the white reef that lay just beyond the sandy shore of the little coast town. An English ship from Canton, China, loaded in part with tea for Boston, had been dashed upon the reef in the November gales, and had broken up. The bodies of the sailors had been washed ashore, and among these bodies was a Chinaman.

The sun rose red against black clouds on the morning after the wreck, and the fishermen found the bodies laid out on the sand. They went to Esquire White, the president of the selectmen, or town council, to ask him what they should do.

"Bury the English sailors on the hill by the deserted house," said the Esquire, "and lay the Chinaman in the sand and apart from the others; he is a heathen."

Great excitement followed. The graves for the Englishmen were dug, the bodies were lifted to the hill-side on boards and put into pine coffins, and the country parson made a prayer on the hill as the earth covered them.

Then the Esquire and the fisher-folk went down to the sand to examine the body of the Chinaman. With them went Barney. The body was a pitiable object, and the sight touched the tender heart of the field-laborer.

"I'll bury him, too, on the hill," said Barney to the Esquire; "on the hill 'apart from the others.'"

"But he is only one of the great world, only as one wave on the ocean," said the Esquire.

"We are all like that, Esquire—one wave; we rise and sink and go. I would want to have my body buried were I to be found dead on any coast."

"But he has no name," said Esquire White.

"Then I will look for no reward."

"He is a heathen: look at his feet and his braid of hair. The sand furnishes a good-enough grave for him; let the waves wash over him; it is fate."

"That would never satisfy me *within*," said Barney. "He is one of us—we are all human; we make fate."

Barney lifted the slender body of the stranger upon a board, and he and a negro boy carried it up the hill.

He buried it "apart from the others." But he was not satisfied.

The fisher-folk had placed stones at the graves of the Englishmen. Barney went to Esquire White to ask for his oxen to move a stone.

"Where to?" asked the Esquire.

"The Chinaman's grave—all alone, away from his kin."

"But," said the Esquire, "none of his kin will ever know."

"*He* may know."

"Oh, Barney, you're daft. Suppose the dead do know; he was a heathen; do the heathen dead know?"

"I will work a day for you in the hurry of haying-time if you will let me have the oxen," continued Barney.

"Have your will, Barney."

Barney took the oxen, and placed a tall bowlder at the head of the Chinaman's grave, "apart from the rest." It loomed there over the sea near the great stone chimney. The people talked about it as they rode by, and the fishermen as they passed on the sea.

The Esquire exacted from Barney the promised day's work in haying-time, and jeered at him in regard to the monument that he set up to "nobody from nowhere."

"What satisfaction, Barney," said he, "could it give you to do such a thing as that?"

"The Chinaman knows, and I believe in 'ghost thanks.' We don't do right against the world for nothing. The dead know."

III.

OLD Barney had a theory which has always been held in part by Roman Catholics, but which was novel in a farming New England neighborhood. He thought that people who were unable to return favors in this world would do so in another world, or that such, after death, would help those who had helped them, whom they could not repay here. He reasoned that this was the divine law of gratitude, and he called it not "intercession of the saints," or "spirit return," but "ghost thanks." He was not a spiritualist in the common sense, but he found the Scriptures full of promises of the good-will of the spiritual world to unselfish souls, and when one Captain Flanders kept a poor family of sailor's children from the town house, and the captain found two hundred pounds of ambergris off Cape Horn, worth a hundred or more dollars a pound, he thought that he saw the hand of the dead father of the orphans in the captain's good fortune.

His favorite hymn was, "There are angels hovering around," and it was his joy to believe that benevolent people who died poor became "ministering spirits," and rendered "ghost thanks." "Any one who does good without hope of reward will be made rich by blessed company," he used to say. "Every act of sympathy ends in a thanksgiving—the true riches lie in that mine."

He used to sit on the stone wall by the elder blooms, or "blows," and talk with the neighbors who wandered along the way in the shady summer evenings.

"A man with a good heart who is not blessed in himself will be blessed in his children; and if he is not, the

unseen world will reward him. I am going to do and do, and be and be, and help and help, and when I die I shall go to my own."

The people laughed at poor old Barney, and said that he was "daft."

IV.

Barney had done one thing that could bring him nothing; such things grow; the Fates began to weave.

One day, as the old folks used to tell the story after Thanksgiving dinners, old Barney sat down on the wall at the end of the cow-path that led to the pastures. He kicked the wall with his loose shoes.

I can recollect how the deserted place looked when I was a boy. The old cellar-door lay on an embankment among dwarf lilacs and bouncing-bets. There was a hand-stone by the well, and the frame of a grindstone under a black-cherry tree, where scythes and corn-cutters hung.

On the windy hill, among sailors' graves, grew sweet-fern.

On this November morning of which I am speaking Barney was on his way to the sea meadows to mow thatch for roofing and stable buildings.

He had a son named Alden, with a wide forehead and curls. This boy had followed him, and the two had dinner-pails.

Barney had sat down to rest *before* he had begun to work, with a "Oh, hum! I don't care if I do." What that expression meant none knew. It answered some minor chord in his soul.

"I must have a thinking spell *first*," he used to say.

That day Barney looked down the coast and saw the chimneys smoking with Thanksgiving fires.

Alden too had a "thinking spell," as he sat by his father that morning on the wall. Down the turnpike-road he saw a tall chimney smoking over white gables. His heart had begun to warm with love for Esquire White's little daughter Addie, who went with him to school on the clematis-lined road. The Esquire was to give a Thanksgiving dinner that day; a part of the children who went to the district school were invited to the feast as Addie's "particular friends." He was not invited.

There was an empty room in his heart.

The Esquire, out of pity, had loaned his father money at the time that the "canker rash" came to his family. Three of his brothers had died. But the Esquire wanted his pay at last. Barney had nothing to pay—but work. So he worked for the Esquire for weeks, and while he did so his own family lived on mush and milk, and he began and ended the day with an "Oh, hum! We can't tell."

Alden thought and thought. It was hard to be so poor. Were there indeed gods in the heaven? If so, would they help him? It was a faith-blinding sight to see his father give thanks at the table—for nothing—and the chimneys around all smoking with feasts.

In the midst of his thinking spell that November morning Barney suddenly turned to Alden and tapped his long bony fingers on his son's dinner-pail.

"It sounds holler, Alden."

"Never mind, father," said the boy, who was all heart and imagination.

"It is the best that I can do. This is Thanksgiving day, Alden, and your mother slid into my dinner-pail a piece of rye bread spread over with marmalade. Think of her heart, Alden! She won't last long, Alden. I can see the yellow in the leaf before the tree turns color. She put the bread and marmalade into my pail that I might not forget what day it is. Let's change pails, Alden."

The boy uncovered the well-scoured pail and looked into it. There was no marmalade there.

"Here, Alden, this goes to you."

Barney took the choice lunch out of his own pail and put it into Alden's.

"Never mind me, Alden. It don't much matter what I have now—my chance in life is gone. All that is left for me to say is, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' We can't tell. But, Alden, Alden, your eyes stand well apart, which is a good sign. No good intention is ever lost."

Barney had once tried to preach at the candle-light meetings, but had failed.

Then his heart turned to Alden, whose eyes were wide apart, and he used to say: "The good ideals which a father loses will be made up to him in his son. I will be you, some day, Alden."

That morning an extraordinary sight appeared on the sea—a speck of white enlarging on the wide purple bay.

"To China," said Barney.

A ship of nearly one thousand tons, with sails set, was crossing the bay, going out. She was a beautiful sight.

"To China," said the boy. "Father, I never shall forget the bread buttered with marmalade. You gave me your soul in it. I will make you thankful in your old age. I can help you now."

"What is it, Alden? How?"

"What is the most valuable thing that ship is carrying over to China, father?"

"Ginsang. It is worth all the rest of the cargo. It is worth its weight in gold. The merchants exchange it for tea. They could not get into Canton in any other way."

"I've seen ginseng in the hollows among the sarsaparilla," said the boy. "It is rare here."

Here and there in the woodland pastures were half-withered stalks of the magic ginseng, whose roots resembled the human form, which was one of the reasons that the Chinese regarded it as the gift of the gods.

"I can gather ginseng, father."

"But they will not pay much for it here; it is only in Canton that it is worth its weight in gold. But you do pity me, Alden, and I am thankful for you. I tried to do some good in the world, but it was no use; I had a message, but couldn't deliver it; it may be that my desire will pass onward to you. I see life in that way. If a man cannot be what he wants to be himself, it is a great comfort to see his visions fulfilled in his sons. So life compensates. I have not lost faith. Alden, Alden, I would rather see you a man of name and influence than to be one myself. Don't you ever forget, Alden, what I have said this morning by the old chimney by the sea."

The two went down to the salt meadows, the boy whistling on his way, now and then stopping to uproot a bit of magical ginseng; the herb did grow here as well as in the Alleghenies. He pitied his father; he loved him, and the incident of the marmalade had so filled his soul with a new purpose that he was another Alden now. The currents of life flow silently and unseen.

At noon they returned to the chimney to eat their dinner.

"Father," said the boy, with a nervous resolution. "I will, I will, I will!" He bowed his head as though in a realm of fancy.

"What, Alden? What is it now?"

"I will give you a Thanksgiving dinner some day, and call all the people."

The sun shone fiercely for a fall day.

They climbed up the flue into the chamber into which smoke had once passed to flavor and preserve hams. There were some strange papers there, left by wayfaring sailors. Alden opened one of these; it was full of curious characters, and among them was a rude picture of a Chinese mandarin or merchant.

Alden glanced at it, and, tired of pitching thatch after his father's scythe in the salt meadows, he fell asleep leaning against the wall. His father took the paper and put it into his frock pocket, to examine at some other time.

Suddenly the boy started up, as from another world.

"Father!"

Barney opened his drowsy eyes.

"Father, I've seen something!"

"What have you seen, Alden?"

"A Chinaman—a Chinaman in the chimney. I can see him now."

"I don't see any Chinaman in the chimney, boy. You're going daft."

"I can see him as plainly as I can see you. He is big; he has shoes that turn up at the toes; he has silk robes; he has strings of jewelry—pearls; his hair is roped, and his eyes are like ox-bows. He has something like a breastplate of jewels. He is going out."

"Out where, Alden?"

"He is all fading away. The chimney is haunted, father."

"'Twas the ship going out to China that made you see that, Alden."

"This is more than a dream. I shall see that Chinaman again."

The two climbed down the chimney and went home, Barney looking suspiciously into the elder-bushes by the way.

V.

One day Alden said, "Father, I am going away."

The Fates were at their looms.

"Where, Alden?" asked Barney, with a strange light in his eyes.

"To China, with ginseng."

"Now that you have begun to be a help to me, Alden?"

"You shall not want for Thanksgiving dinners in your old age. I am going to become rich for your sake."

When a boy begins to see the poverty of his home and to dream dreams, love is likely to be a factor in the case. It was so now. Alden never mentioned the name of Addie, but her face haunted him like the Chinaman's, and the two appeared to him in the same vision.

He left for Boston in a few days, taking with him an old chest that had Chinese characters that had been found among the wreckage of a ship from China.

His father carried him away to the city, in his shaky wagon drawn by old Dobbin, whose harness was all tied up with tow strings and toggles.

They met the Esquire on the way in his fine carryall.

Alden shrunk up in a heap. Addie was with her father.

Esquire White leaned out of the rolled-up curtains.

"Goin' to sea?" said he to Alden.

Alden bobbed his head, which seemed to sink into his body, out of sight.

"But don't you never come back till you can do more credit to your family than your father ever has done! Go 'lang!"

He touched the horse with his whip, and the animal shot ahead of them. Addie's face appeared at the back of the flying vehicle. Alden's head craned. She waved her hand sympathetically. Alden saw that hand when it had gone from sight—he would see it for twenty years.

As Alden looked back towards home for the last time, he saw the old smoke-chimney, and above it the gray stone at the shipwrecked Chinaman's grave. That brought tears to his eyes.

VI.

The Fates were making ready to weave; the pattern was set.

So in the Canton packet Alden sailed away with a simple quadrant, a Bowditch navigator, a pea-jacket, and other clothes from the slop-shop, and much ginseng. The ship contained a large quantity of the magical herb in its cargo. Foster's wharf, India Wharf, and Long Wharf faded away, and Castle William, that guarded the harbor, sunk in the sea.

In Alden's dreams, waking or sleeping, three scenes continually reappeared—the old chimney, with its smoke-room; the grave of the Chinaman, which his father had made; and the bowery road where Addie had waved her hand from the open curtains at the back of the carriage after her father's withering words.

In the usual way of the young sailor, now sick, now coming to his stomach, with an appetite for salt stuff—pork and pulse—with an accident or two from the spanker, he arrived at the China Sea, and entered that part of the burning tropic world whose river port is Canton. There he learned to weigh teas and pack silver at the hong, or commercial house.

He did more, for his purpose lifted him above the other clerks at the hong. He learned the Chinese commercial language. He came to count in Chinese, and was given the post of a recorder of goods.

He attracted the attention of the Chinese mandarins at the port.

Among the tea merchants at Canton was Hoqua, an officer of great wealth and influence. Hoqua and his sons had the supervision of the American trade for a generation. Hoqua was the soul of honor, a true gentleman, about whom American sea-captains who visited the hong brought wonderful stories to America. He was a life-long friend of the Boston commercial firm of Russell & Co. Mr. Forbes, a pioneer merchant in Canton, relates that Hoqua one day sent for an American trader whose health and resources had failed, and who owed him $100,000, and said to him: "I hear that you want to go back to America and have not the money. I am sorry to lose you, but here are your notes cancelled."

Alden heard much of the great Hoqua—of his honesty, his liberality, his riches, his silken robes and jewels. He felt a strange attraction towards him, and longed to see him.

One day he was told by the stevedores that the great tea merchant was approaching the hong on a barge from the river. He rushed to the open doors, which looked out on a multitude of airy bridges and boats.

The barge made its way amid the forests of craft. On the front deck, just outside of a parti-colored canopy, stood a tall form in princely robes.

As Alden's eye fell upon it, his heart stood still. *That* was the very Chinaman whom he had met, or seemed to have met, in the chimney by the sea!

A tremor ran over him. Do the living appear to the living? Are there ghosts of the living? Did ever a Chinese merchant prince appear in a ruined house to a simple country boy half the world away?

The barge approached the hong. He stood there, Hoqua, with robes of lustrous silk and strings of pearls. His sleeves were flowing, his shoes curved upward at the point, and he wore a strange breastplate of jewelled embroidery. There was a serene look in his face, an expression of beneficence, such as is seldom seen among trading-people. All this Alden had seen, or seemed to have seen, before.

The barge touched the bridge at the hong, and Hoqua entered the trading-house, and was received like a prince.

Alden walked about the tall man as one in a muse. He could not restrain his tongue.

"I have met him before," said he, to an English clerk; "or am I going to have the fever?"

"Where?" asked the astonished accountant. "Where have you met Hoqua before?"

"In America!"

"You have gone out of your head this time," said the clerk. "Hoqua was never out of China."

But before him was the Chinaman of the chamber of the chimney—the face, the robes, the jewelled ornament on the breast.

Alden felt of his pulse. It was normal. He went apart by himself to receive the cool winds that flew over the forests of bridges.

VII.

The Fates were weaving.

Alden felt the great soul mystery of these events. In the loneliness of his life he was led to inquire as to the cause that should lead the eidolon of a Chinese mandarin merchant into the visions of an American pasture-boy. His life became haunted. He followed Hoqua.

He stood as near as possible to Hoqua when the merchant was in the hong, often just behind him; he somehow felt that the tall form in silk and strings of jewels was a spiritual acquaintance.

One day, as the two were seated under the same airy canopy, looking out on the glimmering junks in the river harbor, Hoqua suddenly bent his eyes on the young man. Alden saw the glance and felt it, and his knees shook.

"You come from the city called Boston," said Hoqua, in Chinese. "That is half-way around the circle of the world. You never saw any of our people before."

The sailor drew up his shaking knees.

"I once saw a Chinaman in America," he answered. "He was dead."

Hoqua drew himself up in his chair, and lifted his long arms and flowing sleeves with corded ruffles.

"How could that be, my young friend—*dead*—dead?"

The eyes of the two met.

"He was wrecked on a tea-ship in a storm on the coast. My father found his body among the rest."

"Was it an English tea-ship?" asked Hoqua.

"An English tea-ship, bound for Boston," said Alden—"so I was told. It struck the reef in the storm."

Hoqua held up one hand, as if pointing.

"I knew that ship. I saw her when she sailed away with papers for America. I knew that Chinaman, too; his name was Cumwa. He went without leave. He was of my family blood—of my own ancestors' blood. He heard the American sailors tell stories in the hong, and his mind would sail away in dreams; then he sailed away. He wished to see the other side of the world. This world is not so very large."

Hoqua leaned his arms on his knees, and lifted his hand so that his silk sleeve fell back from his white ruffles, in which were jewels.

"My friend from the other side of the world, what did your father do with the body? The bodies of our people are sacred."

Alden's form grew heroic. His father seemed a grand figure now.

"He buried it in a decent grave on a bluff, and set on it a stone. My father is a man of heart."

The mandarin rose slowly, and towered above the forms of the Chinese who had gathered around him in the pavilion. He spread out both of his great arms over Alden, and said,

"He shall be blessed; your father shall be blessed."

He touched the mystic figures woven of gold threads and jewels on his breast, and said:

"He who befriends a dead body, a Chinaman, shall be blessed of all the spirits of the ancestors of the man who died in solitude. Your father shall be blessed. You shall be blessed. Your father shall be blessed in *you*."

Hoqua moved toward the council-room in the hong. There was a conference of ship-owners there. In an hour he came out again, and said:

"I have purchased your apprenticeship; you are free. Come with me to my plantation on the river."

Alden looked upon Hoqua as a father now, a brother, a kind of god. He rose to follow him. He would have followed him anywhere.

As he was preparing to embark on the barge a black tempest arose, and at the breaking of the clouds some Chinamen came running down to the hong to tell Hoqua that his brother had been killed by the lightning.

Darkness and light together came into his face.

"That cannot be! That cannot be! He had eaten ginseng!"

But the brother of Hoqua was dead.

"It was not the true ginseng," said the Chinese doctors when others came to tell Hoqua the dreadful news. "We would give pound for pound in gold for the true ginseng, and let our young friend from Boston, around the

shadow of the world, weigh the ginseng," said one of these grave men.

"I have ginseng," said Alden. "It has the true body. Come and see."

He went to his chest in the long store-room. Hoqua, the doctors, and a company of Chinese merchants followed him. He opened the chest, and held up a forked root that looked like a doll.

Hoqua smelled of the root; he put it to his lips.

"That is the true ginseng," he said. "The gift of gods. Weigh it! weigh it! You shall have its weight in gold."

The Chinaman in the chimney seemed to reappear in Hoqua.

Alden rose up. He felt himself rich. The New England road came back to him. He saw Addie again waving her hand from the curtains at the back of her father's carryall. His heart glowed with a moment of exultation, when suddenly his New England conscience returned. A New-Englander is always a New-Englander.

"Hoqua," said he, "I will sell the ginseng to you as medicine. It is true ginseng, but no ginseng has immortal life in it. It may cure disease, but it will not make you live forever. I am honest in all my ways; I would not deceive you."

Hoqua's face clouded, then lightened up.

"Your father buried the sailor," said Hoqua. "I see him in you."

The ginseng was weighed, and a fortune was placed to the account of Alden.

"The ancestors of Cumwa are leading you by chains of gold invisible," said Hoqua.

Was this indeed so? queried Alden. Were his father and Hoqua right? Were there indeed "ghost thanks," or only invisible law? Was there a Hand behind his hand? Were there feet unseen following him?

VIII.

THE Thanksgiving that he had promised his soul, that he would one day make for his father in the old coast town, haunted Alden still.

It rose before him at the Feast of the Lanterns. He was richer now. He could pay his father's debts. He was richer than the Esquire himself. How would he meet Addie? How would Addie meet him? He wrote to his father that fortune favored him, and as soon as he could get released he was coming home, would give him a surprise and make him a Thanksgiving. He wrote such a letter yearly for seven years, then once, in the same spirit, each two years or more.

Poor old Barney! His wife had died. He had had the lumbago, and gone yearly more and more into debt. The poor-house door stared him in his face; only Addie stood between him and that. She supplied his wants in several ways. But as often as Barney received a letter from Canton he carried it around to his neighbors, saying:

"There! What did I tell you, now? It is 'ghost thanks!' 'ghost thanks!' It is all because I gave a grave to the Chinaman. *He* knew!"

The East India Company used to tell stories at the hongs. One of these related to an old merchant named Denman, who had befriended young Benjamin Franklin. This man failed in business in Bristol, England, went to America and made a fortune, and returned to pay his creditors.

He discharged his debts in a novel way. He invited his creditors to a dinner. They came in no very kindly feeling, and found what he owed them, principal and interest, under their dinner plates.

Alden had a vision after hearing this story at the hong. He would make a dinner like that for his poor old father, some day. It was an easy vision to realize, for he became richer daily. Alden became worth more than £20,000, a fortune at that time, and with his wealth the vision of what he would do for his father and Addie grew.

It was little that was new that Barney could say to Addie, but he one day brought her a very curious picture. It was the Chinese paper that Alden had found in the chimney, and that he had put into his coat pocket. It was that of a giant Chinaman in silk robes, flowing sleeves, and strings of pearl, with a breastplate like a priest's, or an imitation of one. They looked at it together, and agreed to keep it until Alden should return.

IX.

A CARRIAGE rolled down the old Indian road, now a turnpike, past rowened meadows, azure woods, and stacks of corn.

It stopped at the door of the Esquire.

A serene face stood under the red woodbines as it stopped. It was the Esquire's daughter Addie.

A middle-aged man got down from the carriage and said to the woman,

"Do you know me now?"

"I do not feel that I have ever parted from you. I have seen this hour in my heart."

"Yours was the one kind hand that waved after me when I went away. It shall be the first one that I wish to take on my return."

He stepped up under the cool shadows of the woodbine, in the warm Indian summer, and took her hand.

"Addie, I want this hand for my own."

"Alden, I want your heart for my own! I wanted it when I waved my hand after you twenty-one years ago."

"Where is your father, Addie?"

"He is dead."

"Where is father?"

"In the old home. I go to see him every day. I would bring him here, but he will not come."

"Does he still believe in 'ghost thanks'?"

"Yes, Alden, he seems to see the prophet's mountain vision, that unseen hosts encamp around those who struggle for good, and they who be 'for us are more than those that be against us.' I have been true to him for his own sake and for your sake. I have loved him for you."

"Oh, Addie, he does not know that I have come home. Let us two be married on Thanksgiving day, which is close at hand, and you shall invite him, and all who have lent him money and befriended him, and so fulfil his dreams. My father has a beautiful soul."

The good people all received notes from Addie, the Esquire's daughter, to take their Thanksgiving meal with her. She seemed to invite more people than the house could hold. What did it mean? There was never heard of such a thing in Cape Village before. The old Esquire had left to her nothing but his farm and a bank account of a thousand or more dollars. The Esquire was not greatly "aforehanded."

A paragraph in the invitation added to the amazement of not a few. It was as follows:

"*If Barney, Alden's father, owes you anything—money, or for service—please send to me your bill on the week before Thanksgiving. His son wishes me to discharge his father's debts.*"

His son? Where was his son?

The people ran from house to house to discuss these strange matters, each one looking up to the chimney on the hill and the gravestone of the Chinaman as he went. Had Alden sent home money to his father?

Some of the neighbors went to old Barney with the strange news, but the old man only shook his head and said:

"I know nothing of it—only here," and he put his hand on his heart. "Is Alden coming home to Thanksgiving?" asked he of his callers.

"She has invited me—Barney—old Barney. I tell you it is 'ghost thanks.' You don't believe in such things. I do. I only believe that two and two make four. The souls of the blessed discharge their debts. All this seems mighty strange. I do not know what to make of it."

Thanksgiving day. The mellow bell in the white steeple rang, and the people gathered from the harvest farms in the church, but did not listen much to the sermon. They were thinking of what was to follow.

Noon. The people filed out of the church and made their way towards the house of the late Esquire.

The old minister led them. He had been invited too—"especially invited."

The people filled the house, but found Addie absent. They asked for her, and were told by the gardener, who managed the farm "on shares," that she had gone after Barney. Then the people walked around and around, and looked up betimes to the old chimney and the tombstone on the hill.

Some sailors came running up the hill and entered the house. They were asked why they had come.

"To the wedding," was the reply.

"What wedding?"

But the parson put his finger on his lips. So they did not answer.

The tables were set and loaded with the usual New England hospitality, and with some dishes that the guests had never seen before. The plates were turned, and cards with the names of the many guests were laid upon them.

At one o'clock the church bell began to ring. This was unusual. Who had told the sexton to ring the bell?

The parson did not seem to be alarmed. He went out in the open field under the great shining elm, and asked the people to follow him. They did so, filled with wonder.

Presently all eyes were turned towards the glimmering path that led through the near woods to old Barney's home.

There was a flutter of white silk; Addie was coming, dressed in white, with a cloud of silk around her. She was leading old Barney, and he, *he* had on a new suit; and behind them walked a man with a firm tread and a noble face, with eyes bent upon the ground.

The people stood silent, and the three came on, brushing away the golden leaves that had fallen in their way as they approached.

The parson met them under the elm, and said to the stranger and to Addie, "Join your two hands."

They did so, and then the parson said some words, and lifted his voice:

"I pronounce you husband and wife. Let us kneel down."

The people fell down on their knees, with streaming eyes, and Barney's form shook, and he said:

"I knew—I knew—I always knew. 'Ghost thanks.'"

The Thanksgiving dinner followed. Each debtor found his bill to old Barney paid as he turned his plate at the table. The wonder grew.

The old parson stood up at last, and made an address to the bride and groom, and asked of the groom, "Do you believe in 'ghost thanks'?"

"No—may my father forgive me—no."

"Then how do you account for your life?"

The people stood silent.

"My father buried an unknown Chinaman. That was the first step towards my good fortune. He gave me his Thanksgiving dinner out of his dinner-pail one day, and I resolved that I would make for him Thanksgiving dinners in his old age that good people would remember; and I went away to do it, and Addie waved her friendly hand after me. That was my second step. I met Hoqua, the great Chinese merchant, and told him that my father had buried a nameless Chinaman on the New England coast. He gave me his friendship for what my father had done for one of his race. That was all."

"But the vision, the ghost!" said many voices.

"That is easily explained. I saw a picture of Hoqua in a Chinese print as I was falling asleep in the chamber in the chimney, and I had a vivid dream. Here is the picture. Father kept it."

"Alden," said the old man, "do you think that when every good thing that we do is rewarded in this world, as we see it here to-day, that we shall *not* be remembered by those who have passed on to the other side?"

"It may be so, as a matter of spiritual law."

"Oh, don't use such cold words as those, Alden! It is 'ghost thanks.' Look up to the hill, to the chimney and the gravestone! Alden, look! It is 'ghost thanks'—all 'ghost thanks!' Those that are for us are more than those that be against us,' as the Scripture says of the mountain vision. It is good to have friends on the other side. They bring thanksgivings—how I cannot tell, Alden."

The Fates *had* woven.

Are there 'ghost thanks'?

Loneliness

THE myriad-faced multitude that pass,
An ever-changing, never-ceasing show,
Drive deep the blade of loneliness. Alas!
Amid the thousands not one face I know!

Ernest Neal Lyon.

A Bookman's Notes

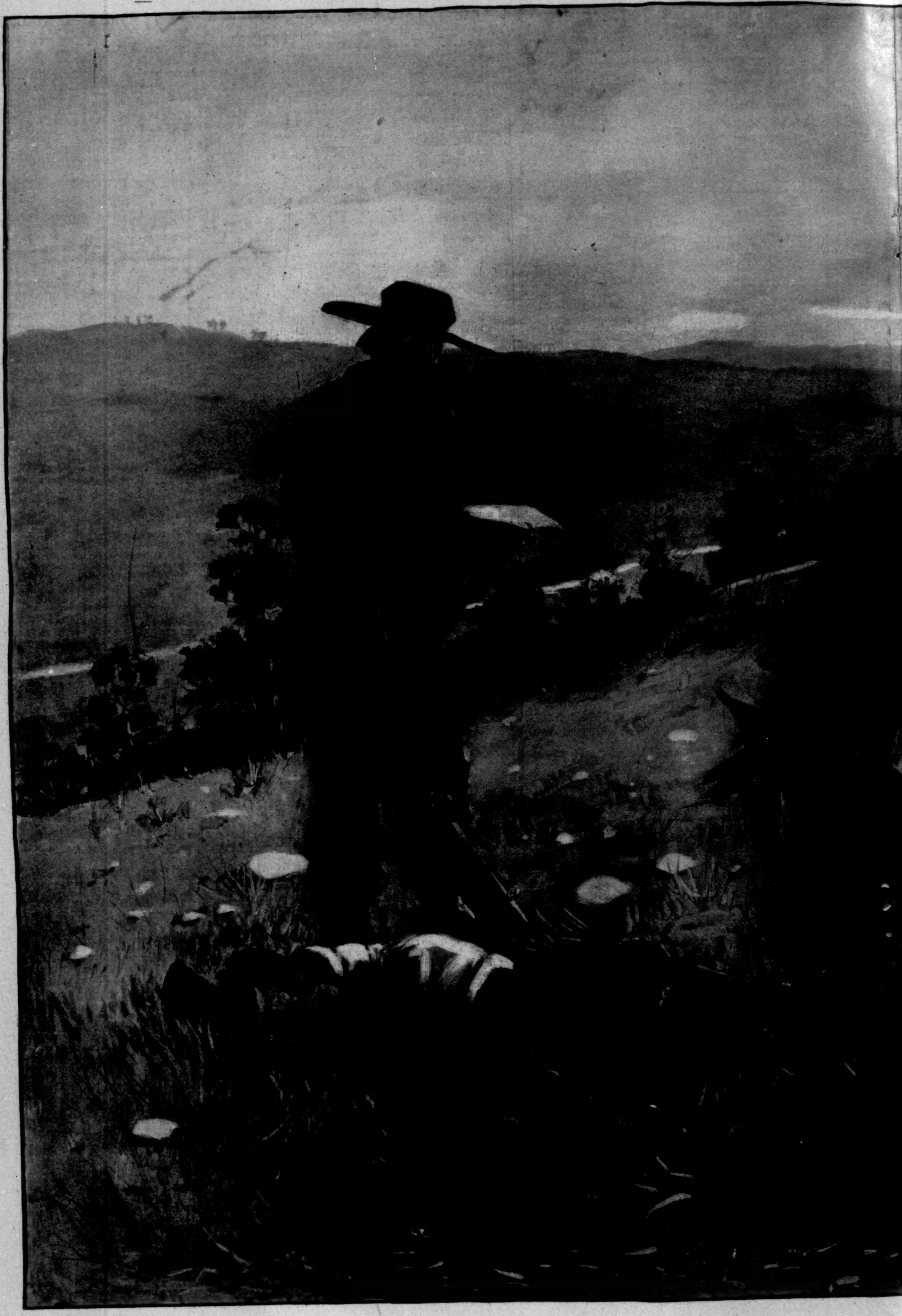
LOVERS of Thackeray who are interested in the new book that has been compiled about him (one cannot, in all conscience, call it a "Life") by Mr. Lewis Melville may be assured of two things: first, they will not find here, except in glimpses, the real Thackeray—the Thackeray who nailed his glove to the throne of England and challenged royalty in *The Four Georges;* second, they will, on the other hand, find currency, and frequently credence, given to a lot of gossipy stories that have grown about the great man, and which should have been allowed to pass forgotten through the sieve of time long ago. For they have as little relation to the real Thackeray, in what pretends to be a serious biography, as the caricature of him in this book bears resemblance to the character of the living man. "Mere lovers of ana and gossip," as the *Saturday Review* remarks, caustically, "will no doubt be perfectly satisfied with these two volumes, for with ana and gossip they can regale themselves to their hearts' content, but more serious readers can hardly lay them down without the liveliest feelings of disappointment and surprise." After all, no adequate life of Thackeray is likely to supersede Mrs. Ritchie's reminiscences and correspondence of her father incorporated in the introductions placed before each volume of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works, until some inspired writer with a genius for biography like Carlyle or Dean Stanley or even Mrs. Gaskell seizes the subject, and capturing the soul of the man, clothes it in the habiliments in which he lived and worked.

Among the comments and reviews of Mr. Melville's book, which, unfortunately for him, is stated by the publishers to fill the void of finality in the literary history regarding Thackeray's life, I have seen no reference to a *Life of Thackeray* which appeared in 1891 in the Great Writers series published by Mr. Walter Scott in London. The work was undertaken and begun by Mr. Herman Merivale, and finished by Mr. Frank T. Marzials. Certain memorials of the Thackeray family were placed unreservedly in Mr. Merivale's hands, through the kindness of Mrs. Ritchie, bearing especially on Thackeray's youth, and Mr. Richard Garnett, among others, rendered valuable assistance. The work was prepared with the care and skill of a literary craftsman, and accuracy of statement in every detail was diligently sought after. This *Life of Thackeray* still remains, so far as a connected biographical record is concerned, the most just, most reliable, and most complete life of the Titan that has been written. It is, as one would say, a straight story, and as such it has a biographical value that ought to give it an esteemed place in Thackerayan literature.

The Great Writers series contained two volumes by Mr. Richard Garnett, which were models of biography in constructive skill, character-building, and true insight and appreciation of literary and moral values. They were the *Life of Carlyle* and the *Life of Emerson.* These books, with the one on Thackeray already mentioned, deserve to be better known in America. With them I should also link Mr. Augustine Birrell's exceedingly charming *Life of Charlotte Brontë,* in the same series, which was also valuable for some new matter relating to the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

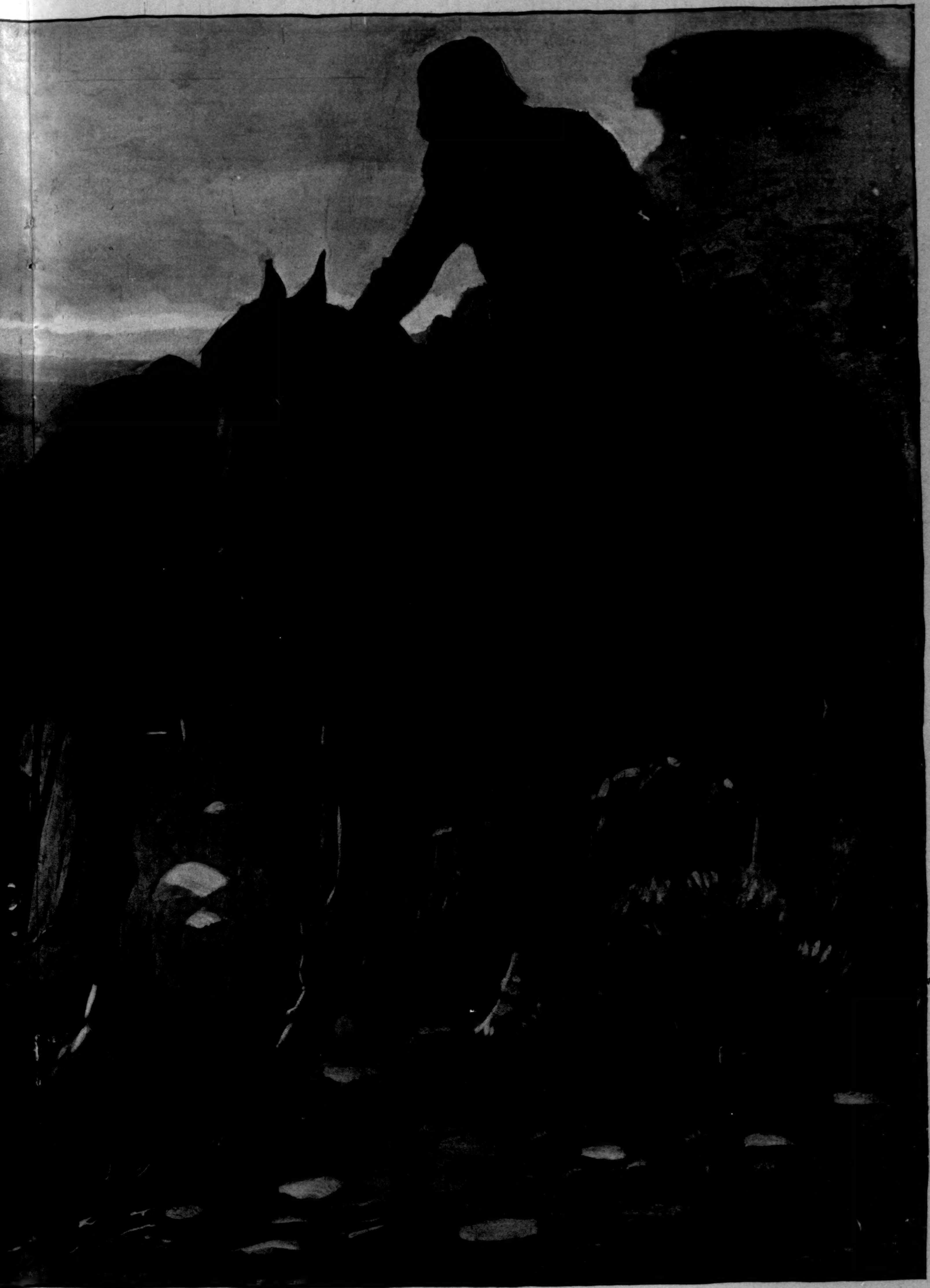
The fresh interest that is being awakened in the Brontës, through the publication of a satisfactory edition of their work, is further stimulated by the sympathetic, if sometimes fulsome, pages devoted to Charlotte Brontë in *Literary Hearthstones,* by Marion Harland, just issued by the Messrs. Putnam. Mrs. Terhune is largely indebted to Mr. Clement Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle,* which was published about three years ago, and is, with the exception of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life,* the most important compilation of correspondence and memorials, and the most exact and comprehensive chronicle of the Brontë circle, that has yet been published. If but for one contribution, Mr. Shorter's work would have a unique value, namely, the collection of letters that Mr. Nicholls, with a sensitive regard and natural reticence, had withheld from publication for twoscore years. These Mr. Shorter succeeded in acquiring, and these letters alone would make his book on Charlotte Brontë indispensable to any future biographer. But of Brontë biographies we have had enough. Mrs. Gaskell is a host in herself for all time, and the publishers have done wisely in employing Mr. Shorter to edit and annotate Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* for the Haworth Brontë, in preference to publishing a new Life, for which there was some temptation, if no necessity.

Peter Newell's *Pictures and Rhymes* promises to be one of the most acceptable, as it is one of the most truly humorous, picture-books of the season. Mr. Bangs, who pleasantly introduces Mr. Newell's work in this book to the public (not that he needs any introduction), sees in the fact that this genial brother fun-maker of his was born into the world on the anniversary of Correggio's death a significant coincidence. It is more disturbing, however, to have him state that had Mr. Newell been born a day earlier it might have changed his whole career, and transformed a budding artist into a future President of the United States. We can well spare Mr. Newell's gifts of administration (which we will not question) for the dispensation of that delightful fund of humor with which he has added to the gayety—and not to the serious problems—of the nation. The earliest recollection some of us have of Mr. Newell's humorous work was in Mr. Albert Lee's *Tommy Toddles,* published a few years ago by the Harpers. What an indelible impression of mirth did that picture of the toy animals, marching in diminishing line, make as they curved up to the door of the Noah's ark! His brand of humor has been especially *en rapport* with Mr. Bangs's, whose last three books he has illustrated. *The Enchanted Type-writer,* which has recently appeared, shows him at his best, and, it might be added, Mr. Bangs too. Mr. Newell, by-the-way, informed the writer of the classics of the Styx that his favorite authors were Bulwer and Bangs! "There are only two of us who could have done that," said an artist the other day, pointing to a clever stroke, "Velasquez and myself. And," he added, quietly, "Velasquez is dead." So is Bulwer. J. M.



THE MESSAGE T

KAFIR DESPATCH-BEARER INTERCEPTED BY BOER SCOUTS—AI



THAT WENT ASTRAY.

—AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—Drawn by E. W. Deming.

TUTUILA—OUR SHARE OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS

BY HUGH H. LUSK

UNDER the new Samoan treaty the United States becomes the possessor of a small island in the South Pacific Ocean, situated about 930 miles south of the equator. For some fifteen years past we have had a more or less sentimental regard for this island, because it was here that our government had acquired from a native chief a lease of part of the shore of a harbor on which to establish a coaling-station. The harbor was the only one in the Samoan group in which vessels could lie safely during a hurricane, such as occasionally visits the group, and its only drawback was that it was almost wholly inaccessible on the landward side. Now and then, but at long intervals, an American man-of-war has called at this harbor, but it may be doubted whether any of the crews ever attempted to climb the almost precipitous hills that wall in the placid sheet of landlocked water which the natives call Pago-Pago. The island of Tutuila is by far the least known of the three main islands that form the group of Samoa. It lies about thirty miles south of the other two, on which alone Europeans or Americans have settled, either as planters or traders, and excepting the harbor of Pago-Pago on the southeast, and a small bay known as Leone, near the northwest corner, it possesses no place of anchorage or shelter even for the smallest trading-vessels. It was my fortune a few years ago to spend a day or two on the island, and during that time I travelled on foot from the eastern to the western end. As it is at least possible that Americans may be interested in learning exactly what their new possession is like, I reproduce from the notes made by me at the time the impressions made upon me of both the place and the people.

PAGO-PAGO, TUTUILA, SHOWING THE HILLS RISING FROM THE SHORE.

The general appearance of Tutuila, like that of all the volcanic islands of the South Pacific, is very beautiful. I reached it on a lovely morning in December, as a passenger for Apia on board the mail-steamer from New Zealand to San Francisco. At that time the steamers had not begun to call, as they now do, at Apia itself, but trusted to landing and embarking passengers by means of a schooner which acted as a tender to the steamer, and met it in the passage between Upolo and Tutuila. As we approached the land we looked anxiously for the tender. As we entered the passage, from twenty to thirty-five miles broad, between the islands, every eye scanned the shores, under the impression that the schooner would be found lying at some point under the lee of the land. There was, however, no sign of a sail. On either side the land rose high and broken, clothed from shore to summit in the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical islands, and as we proceeded at half-speed through the passage it became more and more evident that for some reason our tender had not arrived. We had reached the eastern end and cleared both islands before any solution of the difficulty presented itself, but then a very small cutter was discovered lying close inshore, at a point where a native village could be seen among the palm-trees that formed a background to the silver-white coral beach. Signals were made to this boat, and after a time it came off and lay alongside, while a party of four or five passengers, with their baggage, were put on board to make the best of their way to Apia, while the steamer proceeded on her voyage.

The cutter turned out to be a trader engaged in collecting a cargo of copra (sun-dried cocoanut) to be taken to Apia to the German company's stores. We were told we could stay on board if we liked, but the cutter must go to Leone Bay, at the western end of the island, before it would return to Apia. The prospect of staying on board was so disagreeable that several of the party determined to try the alternative plan of walking overland to Leone and there awaiting the arrival of the cutter. Leaving all our luggage on board, we were landed on the beach within a hundred yards of the village, which now showed among the trees like a group of overgrown beehives of the old straw material and conical shape. The natives were most friendly. They invited us into the largest hut, on the floor of which we were accommodated with mats of woven grass, while two girls prepared a bowl of kava juice for our special entertainment. Personally, I had heard enough about this famous liquor of the islands to decline it, and though my companions tasted it, they were wise enough to leave it to our hosts to paralyze themselves with the strange narcotic. In the mean time we had contrived to make it understood that we wanted a guide to show us the native path over the hills to Leone Bay, where the missionary lived, and the offer of a dollar readily secured a guide, in the person of a young man of magnificent build and appearance.

The bargain once made, we lost no time in starting. Our guide, who was dressed in full native costume, which consisted of a very large and finely powdered head of hair, and a very small cincture of some kind of native cloth round his loins, led us along the beach for a short distance, and then faced the hill which rose abrupt and very steep behind the little village. The climb was so steep that but for the profusion of saplings, shrubs, and climbing plants that hedged in the narrow path we should hardly have managed it. When at last we reached the top we found ourselves at a height of perhaps eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, on the top of a long ridge that seemed to run the whole length of the island. It was easy to see, almost at a glance, the character of the place. The ridge ran at about the same height for perhaps twelve miles, forming the backbone of Tutuila; but at the western end the land sinks to little more than half the height, which I should judge to be nearly a thousand feet at the highest point. It is all densely wooded, though the trees are nowhere of very large growth, and the undergrowth of crimson-leaved shrubs, arrow-root, ginger-plants, and pineapples forms a complete jungle which is very difficult to penetrate.

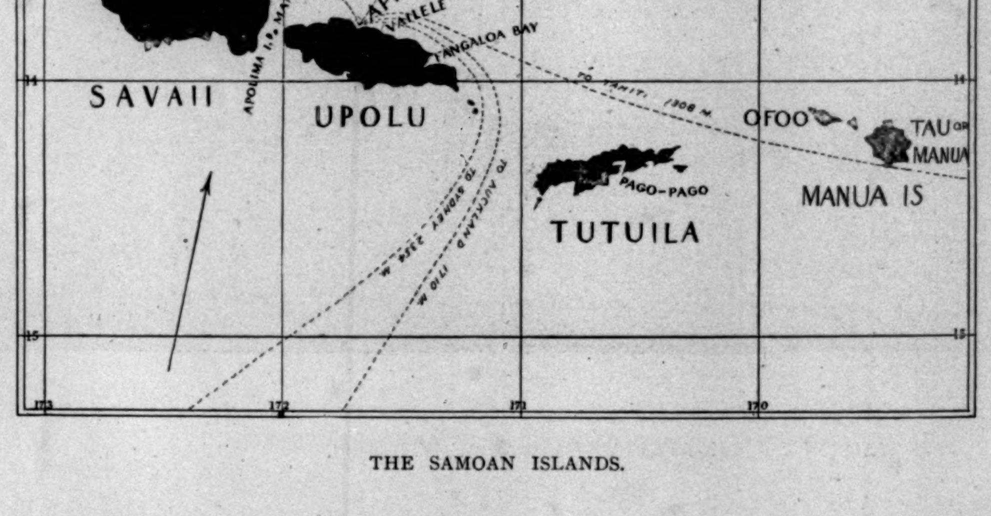
The land slopes downward from the central ridge on the northern side in a succession of spurs, with deep glens and watercourses between; but on the southern coast, especially near the eastern end of the island, the slopes end abruptly in cliffs and precipitous banks that descend to the ocean. It is here that Pago-Pago lies, and from the top of the ridge it can be seen like a nearly circular basin of perfectly smooth water, shadowed by the surrounding mountains, and with only one narrow entranceway, which winds between two lofty wooded bluffs.

The island is not more than eighteen miles long, and nowhere, I should judge, much more than five miles broad. From the path we followed, which led for about six miles along the very top of the range, it might easily have been supposed that the place was uninhabited, as there was not a sign of cultivation nor anything to show that it had ever been disturbed by human footsteps. When we began to descend the slope towards the northern shore, however, signs of life began to show themselves. The steep glens between the spurs widened out into little shallow valleys, and in each of these there nestled small native villages embowered in trees—chiefly cocoanut-palms and bread-fruit—and surrounded by miniature fields of yams, while the beds of the streams were covered by the broad green leaves of the great water-lily, the root of which, under the name of "taro," forms an important part of the food of the islands. No more romantically beautiful villages can be imagined than are thus to be met with at the mouth of each of these little glens, and it is hardly possible to fancy, after seeing the people enjoying—as they evidently do—the indolent calm of these homes, that the same people have guns stored away as their choicest possessions under the thatch of each hut, which they can be roused to use on what looks to a stranger but very small provocation.

From what I saw of the natives of Tutuila, I should suppose them to be well disposed to Europeans so long as they are not much interfered with. There have been repeated and somewhat sanguinary wars among them during the last twenty years, but the mission station at which I slept that night had never been molested by either party, nor, indeed, had the mission school been interrupted, though it contained young people of both parties.

From what I saw during my two days' stay, I should be disposed to think the mission estimate of something short of five thousand natives as the population a fairly correct one. Nearly the whole of their villages are near the northern shore, facing Upolu, and the people have always owned the headship of the Malietoa family, the high chiefs of that island. It may be feared that in case of wars between the German rulers of that island and the natives—a contingency which all experience renders only too probable—it will be a very difficult task to restrain the warriors of Tutuila from crossing the strait to the assistance of their people. But for such a contingency as this, there should be really no difficulty in managing the natives of America's new possession. A suitable man as resident could soon, and easily, obtain great influence over the people, and although the task of in any degree moulding them to American ideas, either of life or government, would be difficult, and perhaps scarcely worth the trouble, the island could at least be made peaceful, and its simple people happy and contented.

There is certainly no wealth to be extracted from Tutuila. Even the primitive agriculture of the island could hardly be much extended, as there is scarcely an acre of level land to be found there. Cocoanuts, indeed, grow along the shore everywhere, and even to some extent inland; orange-trees grow to the dimensions of forest trees; there are nutmeg-trees in the forest that clothes the slopes; and arrow-root, ginger, and pineapples abound everywhere. All these things go to make America's South Sea island a delightful fairy spot, but they are, and must always be, on too minute a scale to hold out any temptation to the planter and the trader. Perhaps, for the sake of the natives at least, it is well.



THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

Prosperity Reigns—The Nation Gives Thanks

A CURIOUSLY notable feature of the present prosperity wave is the apparent unexpectedness of its arrival. As late as last March there were those in high authority as commercial and financial prophets who saw no immediate hope of the return of good times. There had been so many false alarms for two or three years past, so many confident but baseless predictions that prosperity was just at hand, that when the improvement really came there were few to recognize its tremendous extent and significance. Financiers so shrewd as the vessel-owners of the Great Lakes went so far as to contract a large proportion of their tonnage for the current season to the iron interests at an average of about 60 cents a ton, hardly more than the closing rates of 1898, little realizing that before September 1 the demand for tonnage between Duluth and Lake Erie ports would be unsatisfied at the extraordinary rate of $1 85 a ton. No branch of industry is more sensitive to the delicate variations of the times than the steel and iron business, and yet last February the owners of the great mines at the head of Lake Superior contracted nearly their entire output at prices barely 25 per cent. larger than those of 1898, only to find that within a few months the price of pig-iron had almost doubled—rising from $10 50 a ton in August, 1898, to $20 25 in August, 1899. In the same way the steel men, not realizing the tremendous advance then about to begin, contracted large quantities of their product at prices which now look ridiculously low. And yet there were a few manufacturers who, by shrewdness or good luck, foresaw what was coming, and they are now reaping their reward.

All this emphasizes the fact that there is a wide distinction between what may be called a condition of prosperity and the actual prosperity of rapidly advancing prices.

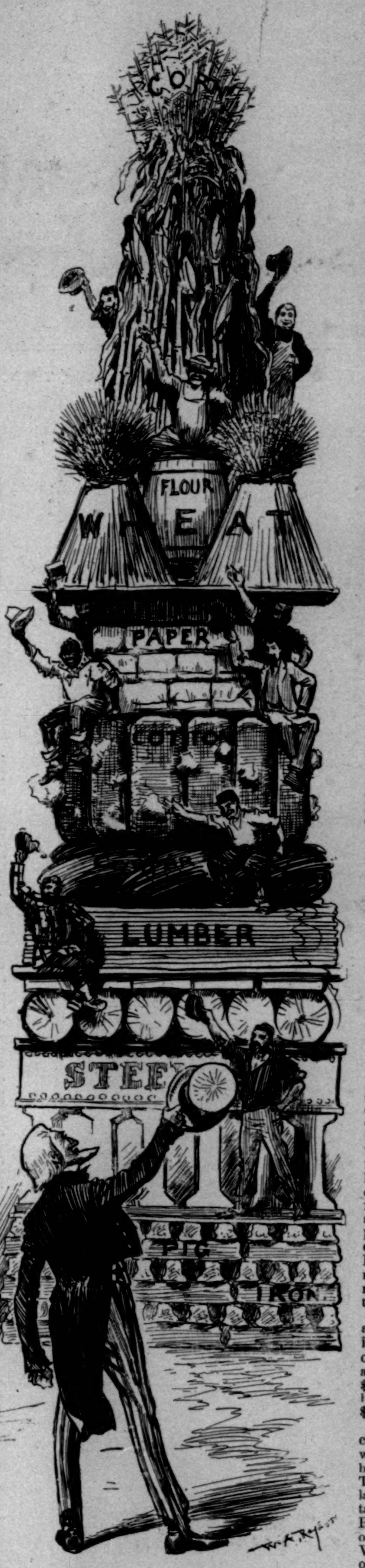
Only a week before his death the late Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, who was more familiar, perhaps, with conditions in the Northwest than any other man, told me that a real condition of prosperity had prevailed all through the West for nearly two years before the arrival of the boom in prices which attracted the attention of the East.

"I was on the Republican advisory committee during the McKinley campaign," he said to me. "We knew that many Eastern companies had been including the 'gold clause' in their mortgages, and we thought it would be a good idea to have the records of different counties examined with reference to farm mortgages; if they had the gold clause in them, we thought it might be well to call public attention to the fact. But, greatly to our surprise, we ascertained that during the previous three or four bad years the Easterners had crowded the farmers, and either compelled them to pay up or had taken their land. It was the desperate economy of hard times that paid off the indebtedness of the West, and when the last two big crops were harvested, bringing plenty of money into the country, the farmers were in a condition to buy new machinery, new wagons, and lumber for new houses. That gave the railroads work to do, and when money began to flow freely for transportation the railroad directors expended it for needed improvements and new rolling stock, and that set the steel men and other manufacturers briskly at work—and the chain of prosperity was complete."

Indeed, by this means debts all over the country were liquidated, shaky railroads were reorganized, and unstable commercial institutions were forced to close up, leaving only their healthy competitors in the field. But the country, with all this economy, had run short of supplies, and when last spring promised immense crops of wheat and corn, the whole West began at once to buy, and a mere condition of prosperity in which people were living within their incomes, but not making much money, gave place to a real prosperity boom, and prices went upward with a rush.

Few people have any conception of the extent and importance of the improvement which has been wrought during the last four months. Especially is this true on the Atlantic seaboard, where the movement has not been quite so visible, perhaps, as it has been nearer the great centres of production further West. And it is not an improvement affecting one or two industries; it is not alone in Kansas and Nebraska, where the farmers have just harvested the greatest crops of corn in the history of the States; it is to be found in the factories of Massachusetts, in the cotton-fields of the South, in the mines of Arizona, and almost everywhere else throughout the country. A few specific figures, gathered almost at random, will show the conditions most conclusively.

Prosperity is quite likely to discover itself first in the receipts of the transportation companies, both railroads and steamship lines. In a former article I discussed the truly remarkable conditions prevailing on the Great Lakes, where vessels have been clearing $5000 in cash from a single ten-day trip; where the rates for wheat, iron ore, lumber, and coal are higher than they have been in years, if not in the history of lake commerce. The railroads have been making an equally remarkable showing. The gross earnings of the Pennsylvania road increased, during the eight months ending August 31, more than $3,500,000 over the earnings of the same period in 1898. The August gross earnings of the Burlington railroad were the greatest for any month in the history of the company. For the week ending September 30, the freight shipments eastward from Chicago were the largest ever made in seven days. They amounted to 130,000 tons, compared with 40,000 tons in the corresponding week of 1898. The building of new railroads and the relaying and improvement of old lines are also going forward at a phenomenal rate. During the first nine months of 1899, 2700 miles of new road were laid, more than half of it being constructed during the last three months of the period, and in spite of a great scarcity of labor and the difficulty of getting supplies of steel. All the car-building companies are overloaded with orders, and the railroads find it impossible to get cars enough to carry the enormous grain crops to the seaboard.



Never before in the history of the country had there been such a foreign demand for American breadstuffs and American manufactures. The exports of the entire country for last August exceeded all previous records by more than $20,000,000, being 25 per cent. greater than the enormous export record of August, 1898, and 33 per cent. higher than the average for that month in the years 1894, 1895, and 1896. The total exports for the first eight months of 1899 were more than 792 million dollars, compared with 778 million in 1898, 641 million in 1897, and only 503 million in 1890. During the eight months of 1899 the export of manufactured articles has averaged more than one million dollars per day, including Sundays and holidays, the total for the 243 days being $246,228,916, while in the same months of last year the total export of manufactures was $201,444,606. Of this increase in exports of manufactures, iron and steel form the largest item, the total value of iron and steel and their manufactures exported in the period mentioned being $68,008,071, against $52,925,082 in the corresponding months of last year.

In other and less expected, less notable lines the exports have increased in a manner not less remarkable. The exportation of boots and shoes in the fiscal year 1899 amounted to $2,711,385, against $1,816,538 last year, $1,010,228 in 1895, and $585,902 in 1889. The value of boots and shoes exported in a single year never reached as much as $1,000,000 prior to the fiscal year 1895, but has grown very rapidly since that date. The exportation of paper from the United States has increased very rapidly during the last decade, being in 1899 nearly five times as much as in 1889. The exports of lumber and manufactures of wood from the United States in the fiscal year 1899 are nearly double those of a decade ago. The total value of the exports of wood and wooden manufactures in 1899 was $41,679,416, against $19,654,934 in 1887.

All these increases in foreign business have brought immense sums of money into the country. This is strikingly shown in the reports of the clearing-houses—an infallible index as to the conditions of trade. For the single month of September the clearings in New York city reached the vast sum of $4,400,076,378—nearly a billion dollars more than the clearings of the corresponding month in 1898. The clearings for all the banks in the United States for last September were upward of seven billion dollars, five and a half billions in 1898, and only three and a third billions in 1893. It will be seen that the clearings for a single month have more than doubled in six years' time, and increased more than one and a half billion dollars in a single year—1898 to 1899—an amazing evidence of the present condition of prosperity in the country at large. And there is more money in the country and more in circulation than there has been in years. According to the latest Treasury report, the total circulation of all kinds of money in the United States on October 1 was nearly one and a half billion dollars, an increase in a year of over $132,000,000. The per capita circulation has reached $25 45, compared with $24 71 in 1898, $22 49 in 1897, and $21 10 in 1896—very significant comparisons, showing that the wealth of the country is more than keeping pace with the increase in population.

In the matter of crops the conditions have never been better. As I said in a former article, the corn crop of 1899 will reach at least 2300 million bushels, by all odds the greatest production in the history of the country. This will make cattle cheap to the stock-raiser, and the prices of meat having increased 10 to 30 per cent., his profits will be correspondingly large. The wheat crop is not quite as large as it was last year, but the prices are firm, the foreign demand heavy, and the chances of large advances are good. Cotton has been steadily advancing in price, rising from 5.94 cents a pound in 1898 to upwards of 7 cents in September of this year. This advance in cotton, if the September price holds good, means that Southern farmers will receive at least $75,000,000, possibly $100,000,000, more for this year's crop than for that of last year. This means a great deal to the South, as well as to the country at large.

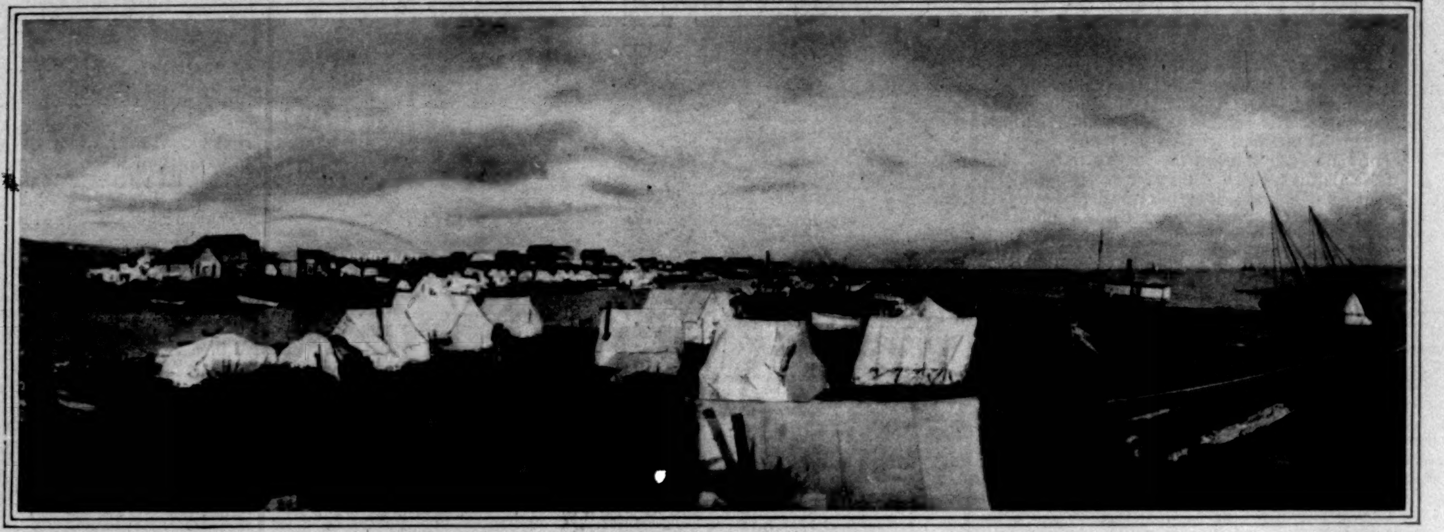
The mines and the smelters are also pouring forth greater amounts of metal this year than ever before, and the prices are much higher. Lake copper sold for 12.30 cents per pound on September 2, 1898; on August 25, 1899, it sold for 18.5 cents—an increase of 50 per cent. In the same time lead went up from 4.07 cents per pound to 4.60, tin and pig-iron doubled in price, and the production of pig-iron will be increased in 1899 over 1898 by fully 2,000,000 gross tons.

Interest rates have been going down, especially in the West, showing that money is more plentiful, and that moneyed men are looking for investments. Western towns and counties now borrow money on about a 3½-per-cent. interest basis, and lately trans-Missouri cattle-feeders have borrowed in the Chicago market at 4 per cent. Yet it was only four years ago that the United States had to sell its bonds on an interest about one-half of 1 per cent. higher than the rate now paid by Chicago; and within easy reach of the memory of the present generation farmers who wanted to feed cattle in Nebraska and Kansas had to pay almost as much per month as they now pay per year. Money is actually loaning in Chicago cheaper than in Berlin, and nearly as cheap as in London. Indeed, one has only to read the advertised announcements of all manner of curious new companies and promoters' enterprises in the newspapers to be convinced that the country is full of money for investment.

People are buying luxuries in liberal quantities again, and that, too, is an important evidence of prosperity. For instance, in the first eight months of 1897 the total value of the diamonds imported into the country was only about $3,000,000; in 1898 the amount had increased to $7,500,000, whereas this year the total of 1898 has actually been doubled, the number imported having a value of $14,600,000.

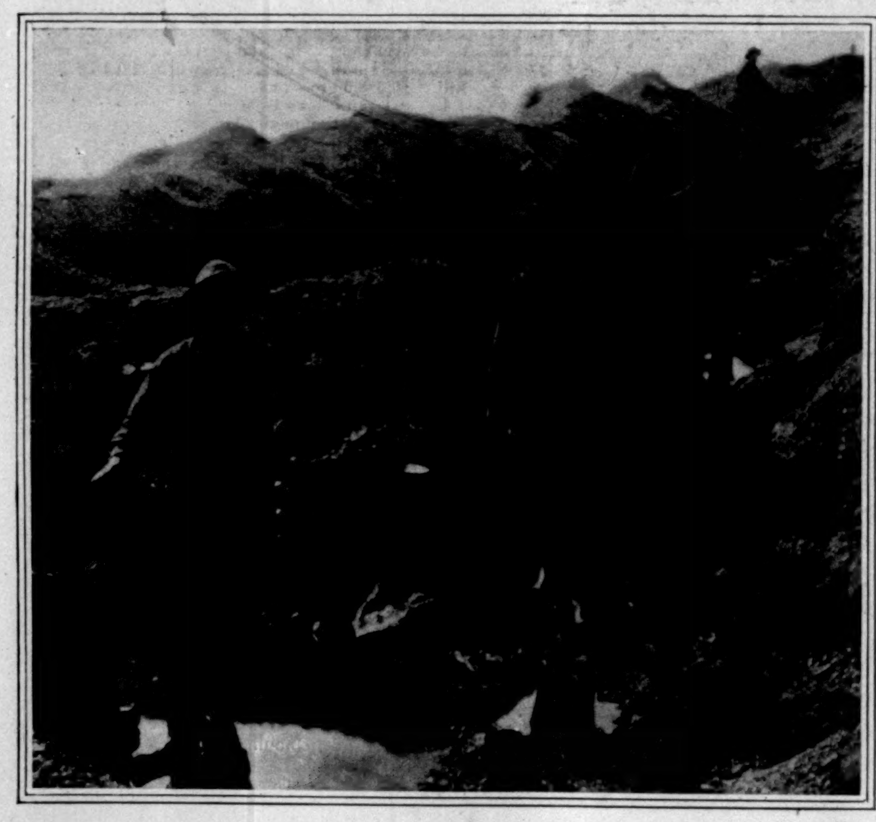
All this increased activity has meant an enormous increased demand for labor, with a resulting increase in the wages paid. The return of good times is always marked by many strikes, attendant on the readjustment of wages. This year has been no exception, although in a surprisingly large number of cases the advances have come voluntarily. Even such old and well-organized concerns as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have been complaining of their inability to get a sufficient number of workers. Verily the army of the unemployed, of which the orators of 1896 had so much to say, is no longer an army. A curious effect of this demand for labor has been the decrease in crime in the great cities—for idleness and crime go together. For instance, for the year ended September 30, 1895, during the hard times, 927 convicts were sent to the State penitentiary of Illinois. For the same period in 1899 the number was only 506—a most remarkable evidence of the moral power of prosperity.

RAY STANNARD BAKER.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAPE NOME, OCTOBER, 1899—THE CAMP THEN CONTAINED 5000 PEOPLE.

COUNCIL-HOUSE OF THE NATIVE ESQUIMAUX.



MINING ON THE BEACH WITH SHOVEL AND ROCKER.

THE GOLD-FIELDS AT CAPE NOME, ALASKA.

The New Gold-Camp Under the Arctic Circle

SAN FRANCISCO, *November 10.*

CAPE NOME, or Nome City, is the name of the newest and most northern gold-camp in the world. When this picture was taken the town was just two months old, and had 5000 inhabitants. Nome is 100 miles from St. Michael. It is on the ocean beach, unprotected from the fierce winds that sweep down from icy Bering Sea. During the present season this lack of protection from storms led to the wreck of many vessels and lighters, and the loss of a large percentage of supplies which were worth their weight in gold. Every steamer that has come from Nome during the last month has brought all the passengers it could carry. The exodus has been great, because fuel is scarce and provisions dear, and the place has proved to be very unhealthy.

That Cape Nome was rich in gold was discovered not quite a year ago by three Swedish prospectors. They had been compelled to spend the winter on the beach, and they whiled away the time by prospecting for gold. Both on the beach and among the gulches through which small streams run to the sea they found gold in such quantities that their return to St. Michael caused a great stampede to the new diggings. They came over the ice to get supplies, and their large store of nuggets and coarse gold induced many adventurous men to follow them to the new El Dorado.

The first vessel to reach the camp was the steamer *Albion*, on which was George Liebes, one of the managers of the Alaska Exploration Company. She arrived on June 18, with a party of mining experts, and at that time 120 prospectors were scattered along the beach. The town is made up mainly of "shacks," or rude board structures, many of them barely high enough for a man to stand upright in them. Many men spent the winter in tents, as it was impossible to get lumber to meet the demand. No trees grow within many miles of the settlement, and all fuel, except drift-wood, must be hauled for miles over the ice. Within a few months several substantial wooden buildings have been erected, though lumber costs $200 per thousand, and carpenters receive $15 a day of eight hours. Building lots are in demand at from $10,000 to $15,000—the same lots which sold early in the spring for a few hundred dollars. All provisions are very dear. Meals of the simplest kind cost from $1 50 to $2 50, and whiskey of the tanglefoot brand brings fifty cents a glass.

The town has no hotel, no regular lodging-house, no hospital; but it has a score of liquor-saloons and dance-halls, and the Alaska Exploration Company has put up a good store, in which it placed a $50,000 stock of goods. Three other trading companies are building stores. The four creeks near by—Anvil, Snow, Dexter, and Glacier creeks—have all been staked. Some of the claims have yielded this season $250,000, worked in the crudest fashion. The largest nugget found was worth $312, but nuggets of $50 and over are common. The gold is coarse and of good quality, and what makes this a great camp for the poor miner is that all the gold is found within six feet of the surface, under the tundra or moss that covers the ground. The luckiest man in the camp is Lindblom, a Swedish sailor, who last year deserted from a whaling-vessel at Kotzebue Sound, and was one of the three discoverers of Nome. Now his fortune is estimated at $3,000,000. The miners on the beach, who have no tools except shovel, rocker, and gold-pan, have taken out from fifteen to thirty dollars per day during the season, and many have made far more than this.

The season at Nome is shorter than at Dawson, as it lasts only four months. For two months the sun never falls below the horizon, and this twenty-four-hour day is utilized by working three shifts of men eight hours each. Next season promises to see an enormous rush to Cape Nome, as trustworthy experts have declared the ground far richer than at Dawson. Doubtless many of these adventurers, when they find all the good claims at Nome taken, will go on to Cape York, 120 miles farther up the Alaskan coast, which is also reported to be rich in the precious metal. Several prospectors who have returned from Cape York recently declare that the sea-beach is rich in gold, and that placer-mining will give as large returns as in the older camp.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

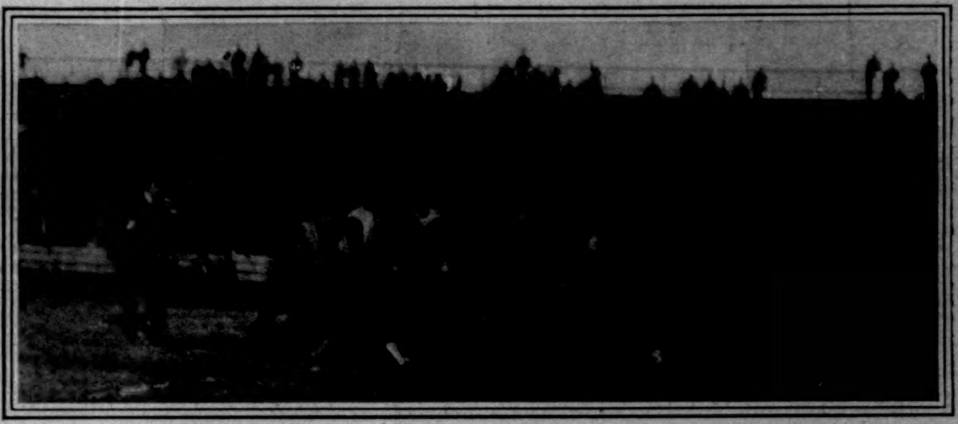
AFTER THE BATH.
A child fresh from its bath in clean dainty clothes is a suggestion of Ivory Soap. All dainty washable things may be restored to their original freshness without injury, by use of Ivory Soap.
Any person wishing a copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing) on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI.

AMATEUR SPORT

This Department went to press November 24.

CHICAGO University's Board of Athletic Control has at length been stirred to activity after repeated scandals resulting from the playing on athletic teams of "unclassified" students. And it must be confessed the time for some official utterance from that body was long past due.

But the rule recently adopted—to wit—that "only regularly classified students shall be eligible, until they have been one quarter in residence at the university," makes a weak effort indeed towards blocking the channel through which so much of Chicago's athletic material has entered.



YALE'S HEAVY CENTRE BUCKING.

WILMARTH MAKING WISCONSIN'S BEST RUN—35 YARDS.

With respect to exemption from the possible embarrassments of entrance examinations and subsequent class-room supervision Chicago resembles Columbia—only it is more alluring. An "unclassified" student, be it understood, is what elsewhere we call a "special"—he may be enrolled as a member of Chicago without examination, without declaring himself a candidate for degree, and without submitting to the ordinary class-room discipline.

He may come and go when he likes.

Now at Chicago the period of probation for the football candidate recruited as an "unclassified" student is short, and the way easy.

He may go into residence at the university at the opening of the summer quarter—and there are few pleasanter places for summer residence than the University of Chicago in the first part of the summer, with the lake, Jackson Park, fine roads, and a public golf-links not half a mile away. He need not take more than two courses, and two "snug" ones among the long list offered for the diversion of those inclined to some summer dabbling in the business of the university are easily found.

Then in August the regular football practice begins, and by the third week in September his quarter's work is completed; he has gained official residence, and is eligible to membership on the 'varsity eleven!

Such a rule as that just put forth is even worse than none—since I fear it may only accentuate the undesirable custom of preliminary practice.

Chicago has protested much of her athletic righteousness, and we must see evidence of sincerity in this "unclassified" student matter very shortly, else sportsmen will be forced to the conclusion that Chicago has no wish to close this means of easily recruiting her teams.

IT is a startling disclosure that so many of her team belong to this class; that the rule just passed, declaring no man eligible to the captaincy of a 'varsity team unless he is a regularly classified student and "has completed a satisfactory amount of work," if it were retroactive, would disqualify the captains (Kennedy and Moloney) of both football and track teams.

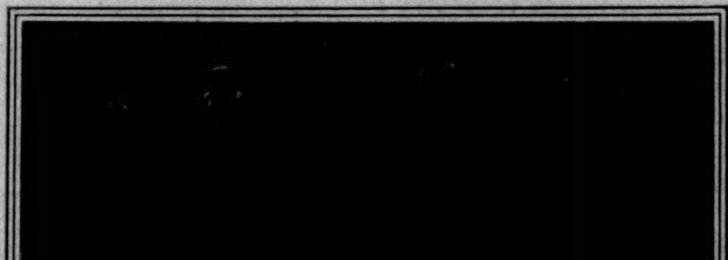
Nor have we forgotten the case of Southard, who went to Chicago last spring simply to play baseball, and was given good rank in his two courses, although his classmates insisted on his incompetency.

Chicago, with her easy quarterly entrances and exits, and no requirements of continued residence, presents unexampled opportunities for athletic abuse, and therein is the more reason for prompt and thorough supervision on the part of the Board of Control.

After the experience Chicago had last year with Burnett, Cavanaugh, and other "unclassified students," one may be pardoned for expecting this Board, if it really has the interest in wholesome college athletics it pretends, would have fortified itself against similar imposture.

Last year the Board of Control pleaded it had been duped by Burnett and Cavanaugh in the absence of needed rules, and promised to make those rules. What is there to be said this year when the same thing occurs and the Board puts forth a weakling rule that is an insult to the intelligence of sportsmen?

A university whose regulations are so loose as to permit the practical abandonment of class-room, by its athletes, as we have repeatedly seen, needs thorough shaking up.



METOXEN GOING AROUND PRINCETON'S TACKLE.

ETHICAL conditions have so considerably and so generally improved throughout the country, and especially throughout the great Middle West, as to give ample cause for present joy and future encouragement.

None the less, we now and again find men of questionable athletic status on the teams of colleges professing sympathy with healthful amateur sport. No doubt this is to be expected. The day is coming when the athlete who has sinned will not offer his services to a college team, or yet require affidavits with which to support his uttered word; but that day has not yet arrived. Meantime we must look to faculty committees and others in charge for the maintenance of a wholesome standard; and we must expect them to dispense with the athletic service of any man whose athletic antecedents are abundantly suspicious.

There cannot always be literal letter-proof, nor a trial by jury. Nor are they needful. An athlete whose previous associations have been such as to cast suspicion upon his amateur status should not be permitted to be a member of a college team, for he thus transfers the suspicion of himself to the entire team.

When, therefore, a university's athletic sponsors have been apprised of the suspicions attaching to any one of their athletes, they must at once either prove his innocence beyond a question of doubt or put him off the team. The Scotch verdict of "not proven" is by no means sufficient. If the university sponsors do neither one thing nor the other, we must conclude their professions of sympathy with healthful sport to be insincere.

Chicago had two men on her football team this year—Wellington and Slaker—whose antecedents are decidedly suspicious from an amateur-sport view-point.

Cornell has another in Walbridge.

Now friends of college sport wish to see the amateur status of such men established beyond a doubt, or they want them taken off the teams of universities which pretend to such athletic righteousness.

PRINCETON-INDIAN GAME—PRINCETON GOING AROUND END, POE BLOCKING PEARCE.

MOST offensive of Western football aggregations this year, however, is the band that the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons has gathered. Even more ex-college stars have been mustered than last year, and the array reads like a Chicago A. A. or Pittsburg all-star eleven of a few years ago. I am glad to add that Michigan's Board of Control cancelled her game with this "collected" eleven.

Farther East, in western Pennsylvania, there is at Washington and Jefferson College an athletic condition which should drive away all college teams that have regard for their amateur status.

On the Washington and Jefferson football eleven are Hammer (centre), McFarland (left guard), and Bird (full-back). McFarland and Hammer were, respectively, left tackle and centre on the Latrobe, Pennsylvania, eleven, and Bird full-back on the Greensburg, Pennsylvania, eleven, last year. The Greensburg and Latrobe teams were professional, and did not pretend to be otherwise, though the clubs were called athletic associations, for convenience' sake.

The members of these teams were paid stated sums of cash, according to their prowess, a dentist handling the money for the Greensburg football men, while the base-

ball nine of a year ago, on which were Barclay (ex-Lafayette), Moran and Hafford (ex-Georgetown), and Bradley (ex-Princeton), was managed by the well-known James Gay.

No self-respecting college should meet this team on the gridiron.

NOTHING will come of the movement making to renew athletic relations between Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin on one side, and Chicago on the other—if Chicago persists in always dragging forward the guarantee proposition.

There is only one arrangement by which these universities can meet in football, and that is by an equal division of gate-receipts. That is the only proper arrangement from a college and a sportsman's view-point.

The persistency with which Mr. Stagg clings to this desire for guarantee is worthy the agent of a travelling circus, but not of the faculty athletic representative of the Chicago University. Just at the moment all the universities concerned are standing upon dignity, each waiting for the other to take the initiative.

There is no doubt that the desire for reconciliation is general, and the feeling is current that the sentiment needs only the chance of easy expression.

I do not expect that chance to come early enough to permit of games this autumn, but no doubt the universities will get together this winter, if Chicago acquires less concern for the gate-receipts, and does not seek to discriminate against Illinois in the latter's future schedules with Wisconsin and Michigan. The latter two universities could not in honor ignore Illinois on future arrangements.

At all events, an immediate settlement of differences is not likely to result.

Rumors that a Chicago-Michigan or Wisconsin-Chicago game is to be played after Thanksgiving continue to be floated, but are not likely to lead to a meeting.

Such a meeting seems frankly impossible, judging from their respective schedules, even if there were no differences over the question of gate-receipts and the playing of games alternately on the home grounds of the engaging teams.

MICHIGAN and Wisconsin's meeting on Thanksgiving day in Chicago will be especially interesting because of its being the first game the two have played since '93. Apart from that feature, it will be notable in bringing together two styles quite dissimilar. Both are strong in the rush-line, and each has a half-back of exceptionally good quality; but Wisconsin relies almost entirely on the kicking of O'Dea, while Michigan depends for her ground-gaining on a running game.

Judged by their showing in the East (Yale 6, Wisconsin 0; Pennsylvania 11, Michigan 10), Wisconsin has the stronger line on the defence, but Michigan the more varied attack and the stronger all-round offence.

Wisconsin began her season very early, in order to be the better prepared for the Yale game, at which the team no doubt was at its best. Michigan is proverbially tardy in rounding into shape, but her slow though steady improvement must be counted in her favor, while Wisconsin's form will probably suffer because of a training season unnecessarily prolonged by preliminary practice.

O'Dea seems at once the strength and weakness of Wisconsin. His punting is unequalled East or West, and no doubt, when not especially pressed, his drop-kicking is profitable; but his very prominence leads to too much dependence upon him for ground-gaining, and makes of Wisconsin a partially developed team.

If it were not for the exhibition of fumbling and off-side play Michigan gave at Philadelphia, I should have no doubt whatever of her success over Wisconsin; and as it is, so near as one may judge from a single view of the teams in their mid-season, it would seem to me that Michigan's eleven is one of greater possibilities than Wisconsin's, and ought to prove the stronger on the 30th.

REASONING from Oberlin's 0–6 showing of last year against Cornell, and her 12–0 defeat of Purdue early this year, it looked as though she would rank up well in '99 after her games with Chicago, Carlisle, and Cornell. But Chicago beat her, 58–0, in a farcical contest, in which Oberlin showed poor physical condition and but little knowledge of football.

And recently Oberlin was beaten by Case School, 11–0, and by Western Reserve, 6–0, two Ohio institutions where wholesomeness of sport creates as much concern as the success of their elevens.

Another line of significant Western scores is Northwestern's defeat of Minnesota, 11–5, after having been beaten by Beloit, 0–11, which had succumbed to Wisconsin, 0–36.

FOOTBALL is cleaner in the Missouri Valley than it has been for years. There is infinite satisfaction in that statement, as it seemed for a time as though the section was so closely allied to unwholesome methods as to preclude separation.

That Kansas University is this year counted among the reformed is indeed proof of a new era, for this institution has been one of the most persistent offenders against purity in football. But this season the members of the Kansas eleven are *bona fide* students; none has played more than three years on the team, and a majority are second-year men. The faculty, so indifferent hitherto, is exercising more intelligent supervision, and altogether the trend appears to be towards clean sport.

There is also some elevation apparent in the ethical standard of the University Medics of Kansas City, which has always been of the lowest, and is yet a disgrace to Western college sport.

Drake University, of Des Moines, which closed last season by defeating Nebraska, and which Kansas has beaten, 29–6, is, because of her disregard of the principles of wholesome sport, viewed an outlaw among Iowa colleges.

Aside from Missouri playing her coacher in several games last season, the State universities of Missouri and Nebraska very nearly approached the standard needful to the preservation of college sport. There has always been too much foul play in this valley, due, I have often thought, to the instructions of the coacher, and this year Nebraska appears to have fallen into such a contumacious spirit that disagreements among players, coacher, and captain have led directly to disorganization, and Nebraska, which for two years has been a leader, was this year beaten by Missouri, 0–11, although recently having somewhat redeemed herself by a victory over that same team.

KANSAS and Missouri, on Thanksgiving day at Kansas City, will meet to settle the leadership of the Missouri Valley, and though Missouri's recently unexpected defeat by Drake, 11–0 (which had been beaten in October, 29–6, by Kansas), rather points to a Kansas victory, yet a closer struggle than usual is promised. Missouri, in fact, is believed to have the strongest eleven that has been developed since 1895, which year signalized her last triumph over Kansas. In fact, up to her defeat by Drake, Missouri had not been scored on this season.

Kansas always has a strong team, and this year's eleven is no exception; in fact, it appears more powerful than that of '98, particularly in its back field, through the addition of Moore—one of the best halves Kansas has had.

Iowa University is not this year in the Missouri Valley Association, and will not meet Kansas and Missouri, but she is quite in the front rank, as her defeat of Nebraska, 30–0, and her tie game with Chicago University suggest.

Speaking for the general quality of football disclosed, there has been no advancement in the standard of play over former seasons, unless the Thanksgiving-day game reveals skill of which no suggestion has been forth-coming in the earlier play of this year.

ANNAPOLIS showed a varied and surprisingly strong offence in the game she won from Lehigh, 24–0, on the 18th inst. There is no denying that the exhibition very considerably raised her chances for victory in the Army-Navy game on December 2, though we have been waiting for the game with Columbia (cancelled by the latter) to bring out the real power of the naval-cadet team.

West Point has had no recent game to test the mettle of her eleven, and so the two will come together on Franklin Field after the last two weeks of finishing-work, and no meantime revelation of its results.

Annapolis is leaving nothing undone to give her team every possible advantage in its preparation. It has had during the season several outside coachers, one or two of whom have been with the team for periods of greater or lesser length, and since the 18th it has had the assistance of Harvard's trainer, McMasters.

Such unusual search for first aids to victory is a decided departure from tradition, and, it must be confessed, is somewhat disappointing to those of us who have viewed the two government academies as ideal exponents of sport for sport's sake.

There is too much evidence of a frantic desire to win in all this unusual preparation by Annapolis, and that is the very spirit which the navy professed to deplore.

West Point has depended on her graduate coachers and on her regular trainer, and has thereby unquestionably approached this great game in a normal manner—the only one, in fact, that should be tolerated.

COMPARISON of scores suggests an Annapolis victory by a small margin; but, as we all know, such comparisons do not always trustworthily indicate final results. The Navy Academy team has passed through a most satisfactory and gratifying preparatory season, and suffered defeat but twice—by Princeton (5–0) and Lafayette (5–0)—while having defeated Penn. State (6–0), St. John's (10–0), North Carolina (12–0), Trinity (35–0), and Lehigh (24–0). West Point, on the other hand, has had a trying season, and one not altogether satisfactory with respect to scores returned. But the Military Academy team was, first of all, practically a green one this year, and, secondly, it has played a much harder schedule than Annapolis, which shows but three victories—over Tufts (22–0), Syracuse (12–6), and Dartmouth (6–2). Of defeats there are many—first, by Pennsylvania State (0–6), after a close struggle, and then by Harvard (0–18), Princeton (0–23), Yale (0–24), and Columbia (0–16). It might be thought that the games against Princeton would furnish a dependable line from which to draw conclusions, but these are deceptive, because against Annapolis the Princeton team had just been called together, and played several substitutes, while against West Point, three weeks later, Princeton was an entirely different team in personnel and in strength.

West Point has had a hard season, and the experience will be invaluable against Annapolis. Annapolis plays a more varied game, and is sure to present a swift-moving, hard-hitting attack. West Point's defence is so strong, however, that she ought to be able to defend her goal; and if she can acquire more speed in starting, so as to make her offence sharper, she has an excellent chance of winning. Without that, however, defeat is certain, since in other respects the teams seem fairly well matched.

CORNELL, in beating Columbia (29–0), played perhaps the best football that a team from Ithaca has ever exhibited. This is rather high praise for the men and for their coacher, Mr. Percy Haughton—but merited.

Yet the defeat of Columbia has brought Cornell most extravagant praise from those who permit themselves to be swayed by comparative scores. Cornell did such thoroughly good work in New York that it is regrettable the team should be put in the false position, by over-zealous friends and thoughtless reporters, of attaining to equality with Harvard on the showing of a single game, in which the crippled condition of Columbia was entirely responsible for such large score.

Moreover Cornell of course cannot be classed with the leading universities until she is bound by the same eligibility rules.

The quality of play of a winning team is almost always exaggerated, just as the faults of the loser are emphasized, but Cornell's work against Columbia was really good enough to stand on its actual merits. There was much in the character of her play to suggest Harvard, and Cornell's strength, like that of her coacher's *alma mater* this year, lay in strong defence and compact interference furnished the runner.

The line is excellent, especially in the centre, where Pierson's work is of a class with that of the best, though his two giant guards, Warner and Caldwell, need a lot more learning in the finesse of the game. The tackles, Folger and Alexander, both break through the line in excellent style, but neither is so good when the play comes his way. Davall, on the left end, played last year, and is fast and always with the ball; so, on the other end, is Taussig, who plays a fine defensive game.

Though on the offensive the forwards are fair only, on the defensive they are first class.

SCORING power of the Cornell team, however, lies in its back field, which, of much initial power, has tremendously increased its effectiveness through the interference Mr. Haughton has taught the team.

Young, at quarter, is rather slow in his signals, but quick and accurate in executing the play once the ball is in his hands. He runs the team well, is imperturbable, and strong in defence—though he weighs under 140 pounds—and a valuable interferer for Starbuck and Walbridge, upon whom the bulk of ground-gaining falls.

Starbuck, at full, is a strong line-plunger, and seems to be punting as well as the best. Walbridge is an end-runner and general ground-gainer of exceptional ability. His former association with summer (semi-professional) baseball, however, makes him ineligible to the teams of any university with proper regard for the health of its sport.

AS for Columbia, the loss of her centre, and quarter-back and captain and only punter—two of the most important men on any team, and vitally so to Columbia—appeared to disorganize the eleven. Nor were the men in the physical condition of two weeks earlier, when Yale was played; and, indeed, unless a rest is taken, I shall not be surprised to see the long preliminary training begin to tell on them, and the team's work suffer in consequence.

For ten minutes Columbia outplayed Cornell, until she lost her pivot, and then for five minutes more held her own, though so early it was apparent that Cornell's line was too stiff for even such backs as Weeks and Morley to penetrate with no more support than they were receiving. But Columbia kept battering Cornell's line with these two men, with the entirely to be expected result that they were worn out in the first half, and forced to retire in the second.

There was too great dependence upon Weeks and Morley, and too much confidence in their irresistibility.

The team stood its ground to the beginning of the second half, and then went to pieces. At no time was it well captained, and, as a matter of fact, four substitutes were called upon in the second half who had never before been in an important game. Defeat would have been inevitable against a weaker eleven than Cornell.

Against West Point, whom she beat (16–0), Columbia showed in her return to form the benefits of a rest. But she still fumbled a great deal, and continued to rely solely on her two backs. That kind of game will not defeat the Indians on Thanksgiving.

The exhibition against Dartmouth, whom Columbia defeated, 22–0, was further improvement in the matter of fumbling, but there is still—necessarily so, no doubt—too great dependence on the two clever half-backs. It seems hardly likely Columbia can defeat the Indians, although the latter are never at their best at the end of the season, and Columbia has been husbanding her strength for this final effort.

PENNSYLVANIA has been rounding into normal condition so rapidly during the last couple of weeks that whereas two weeks ago she seemed destined to defeat on Thanksgiving day, now it looks as if she has a chance of beating Cornell, and by a larger score than that of last year. The physical condition of the men is good, for the first time this season, and there is team-play.

Except for the wise change of Outland from the back field, where he was mediocre, to tackle—a position he can fill ably—the personnel of the eleven has not been materially altered since the 4th, when it lost to Harvard. Really, Pennsylvania has the material for the making of a very strong team, and I rather expect to see its vindication on Thanksgiving day.

Cornell is making a great effort, and if able coaching can do it, will show her strongest game of the season against Pennsylvania. There will be no change in the make-up of the team, unless Cornell's Faculty Athletic Committee complies with the eligibility rules in force at other universities by taking Walbridge off the eleven.

APROPOS of the Harvard-Yale tie game, some interesting comparative figures are disclosed by an analysis of the plotted play:

In the first half Harvard kicked 13 times for 478 yards, and Yale kicked 17 times for 599 yards. Harvard rushed 35 times and gained 217½ yards, whereas Yale rushed 32 times for 70 yards. Yale held Harvard once for downs in this half, while Harvard held Yale once for downs, and forced her to kick three times. Harvard was penalized once for off-side play, and Yale once for interfering with the fair catch which gave Burnett his try for goal from placed kick. In this half Sawin made the longest run of the game—29 yards. The only blocked kick was one of Yale's. Once Yale lost the ball on downs on Harvard's 27-yard line; at no other time did she get within Harvard's 30-yard line. Harvard carried the ball 67 yards to the 2-yard line, where it was lost on downs.

In the second half Harvard kicked 9 times for a gain of 236 yards, and Yale kicked 8 times for 320 yards. Harvard rushed 33 times and gained 114 yards, and Yale rushed 27 times for 48 yards. In this half Yale made two steady rushes—one of 20, and the other of 27 yards. Harvard held Yale for downs three times. Harvard lost the ball once for holding, Yale twice on fumbles. Harvard fumbled once.

In the entire game Harvard rushed 68 times for a total of 331½ yards, and Yale rushed 59 times for 118 yards. Yale kicked 25 times for 919 yards, and Harvard kicked 22 times for 714 yards. The longest punt of the game was 55 yards by Hallowell in the first half with the wind, although McBride's kicks averaged longer.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE GOLFICIDE."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS

The Good Government Conference

THE Columbus conference for good city government marked an important era in the history of the National Municipal League in the adoption of a municipal programme, upon which a committee of seven has been at work continuously for two years, and to the discussion of which two conferences have been devoted. Up to the organization of the league in 1894 there had been no harmony of action on the part of municipal reformers, nor any effort to unify their forces. The feeling which characterized the Philadelphia meeting was one of hopelessness. There was a recognition of the evils, but there was no agreement as to the causes, or the remedies to be applied. Five conferences—Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Baltimore, and Louisville—were devoted to the study of conditions, to a discussion of causes, but no attempt was made to formulate a municipal creed or programme. At Louisville a resolution was adopted providing for the appointment of a committee to report on the feasibility of a "municipal programme to embody the essential principles that must underlie successful municipal government," also "to set forth a working plan or system consistent with American industrial and political conditions for putting such principles into practical operation." The committee there appointed consisted of Horace E. Deming, of New York; Professor Frank J. Goodnow, author of *Municipal Home Rule* and *Municipal Problems*; Dr. Albert Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews*; Charles Richardson, of Philadelphia; Dr. L. S. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania; George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg; and the writer. Of the seven, five had been trained as lawyers—although only three were practising attorneys, the other two serving as professors in educational institutions—one was a trained journalist, and the other a retired business man with an experience as a civil-service examiner in Philadelphia. These seven men, each with his own view concerning the municipal problem, representing varying shades of political belief and varying party affiliations, after two years of study and discussion agreed upon a unanimous report. The fact that seven men of strong personal opinions and independence of judgment, looking at the matter from different stand-points, were able to agree unanimously upon a programme is of itself auspicious. It indicates the change wrought in five years in the attitude of reformers toward the solution of the municipal problem. The further fact that the report was unanimously adopted by the National Municipal League after careful discussion extending through two annual meetings, and the whole tone of the Columbus meeting, indicate that the period of hopelessness has been succeeded by one of hopefulness.

The municipal programme proposed by the committee is based on the theory that good city government is dependent not merely upon the proper form of organization, but as well upon a proper determination of the position of the city and upon the ability of the municipal citizen to decide municipal questions upon their own merits. In order to relieve cities from legislative control, and to permit them sufficient opportunities of local development, they are vested with the widest possible powers of local government. An illustration of this is found in the provision relating to municipal indebtedness. Following the example of the State of New York, which in 1875 provided in its Constitution that bonds issued for the supply of water should not be included in determining the amount of municipal indebtedness which might be constitutionally incurred, the plan provides, in the interests of sound municipal finance, that no debts incurred for the purpose of municipal undertakings from which the city derives revenue sufficient to pay all costs of operation, interest on the bonds, and a sinking-fund which will pay the bonds in twenty years, shall be included within the debt which may be constitutionally incurred. This large borrowing power, the large powers of taxation, and the large governmental powers, including those over street franchises granted by the plan, make it certain that the cities will, if the plan is adopted, have all the powers necessary for their local development, while the powers of control which the State may exercise over the city, through its executive and administrative officers, make it equally certain that the cities will not be able to make use of their large powers contrary to the best interests of the State as a whole.

The programme clearly recognizes that, for certain purposes, the city is the agent of the State, but does not proceed on the theory that this interest gives to the State the right to unlimited legislative interference. It substitutes administrative control for legislative interference. The organization provided for in the programme is very simple. It consists of a Mayor elected by the people for a two years' term; a council to be elected on a general ticket for a six years' term, one-third retiring every two years—at the time of the election of the Mayor. The details of the municipal organization are to be fixed by the council, with the exception that the council is to elect a comptroller; that all the other city officers are to be appointed by the Mayor, without a fixed term, but subject to removal on charges for reasons other than political or religious in character; and that all appointments in the subordinate administrative service of the city shall be made, where practicable, as a result of competitive examinations conducted under the direction of a civil service commission, whose members are appointed by the Mayor.

The programme, which consists of a proposed constitutional amendment and municipal-corporations act, will be published in book form, together with the papers describing its provisions read at the Indianapolis conference of 1898 and the Columbus conference of 1899. This volume will present in concrete form not only the specific recommendations of the committee, but the reasons for their action as set forth in a series of eight expository papers.

Now that a definite plan of municipal action has been worked out and unanimously agreed upon, the duty rests upon the League to have it enacted into law, and it is to be hoped that the League will be able to secure that support and co-operation which will enable it to carry on an active campaign in behalf of the provisions of the programme. The League of Wisconsin Municipalities has already taken up the subject of having the municipal-corporations act passed by the Wisconsin Legislature, and during the next year will, in co-operation with the Milwaukee Municipal League, devote its energies to that end. This illustrates how the work of the National Municipal League may be made most effective, the programme put into active operation, and its usefulness as a means of solving the municipal problem clearly demonstrated.

The secretary's report indicated the growth of public interest in municipal affairs, and the increasing valuable services rendered the cause of better municipal government by officials in office, mentioning especially the work of Mayor Quincy of Boston and Comptroller Coler of New York city; also the gratifying progress of the idea that city affairs must be determined separate and apart from considerations of State or national politics.

CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

CAREFULLY EXAMINED.

EVERY quart of milk offered at any one of the many condensaries where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced is scientifically tested and must be of the highest standard. Valuable book, entitled "Babies," sent free.—[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE service at a private residence needs only a short trial to prove itself indispensable. Our Message Rates offer very moderate terms. NEW YORK TELEPHONE Co., 15 Dey Street, 952 B'way, 115 W. 38th St. —[*Adv.*]

THE PIONEER LIMITED.—Only Perfect Train in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Address for free illustrated, descriptive booklet, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. —[*Adv.*]

DON'T be satisfied with the "just as good" sort—there is none comparable to ABBOTT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Get at grocers' or druggists'. —[*Adv.*]

IF you are a good liver a trial will convince you that COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE is a necessity; insist on it being on the Menu.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists'; all sorts of people use it.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

First Large Edition Exhausted. Second Now Ready

THE GREAT ENGLISH SUCCESS

Red Pottage

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY

"The novel of the moment . . . selling at the rate of

1000 COPIES A DAY

is Mary Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage." *The Spectator* started the furor, and the other critics followed enthusiastically. Society is now busy heralding the author as a second George Eliot or Charlotte Bronte."—*London Correspondence of the Evening Post, Sat. Nov. 18th.*

INTENSELY INTERESTING

One cannot refuse to be interested. Every chapter excites an eager desire for the next one . . . she has made a dignified, fresh, and interesting addition to contemporary fiction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

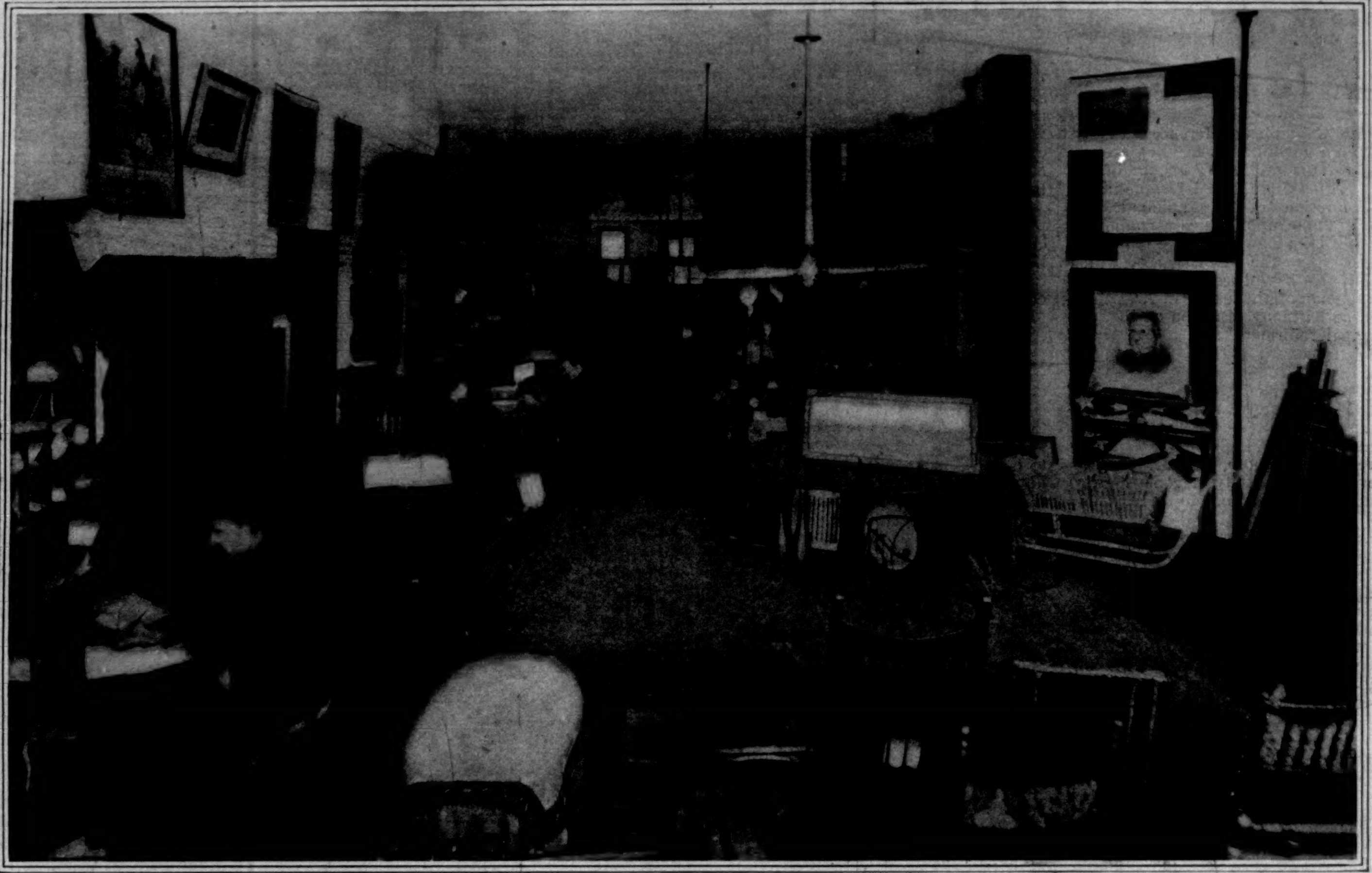
QUIET EXCELLENCE

A tale told with exquisite perception and elaboration. For completeness and finish, for quiet excellence, the book must go right to the front of contemporary literature.—*Daily Telegraph (London).*

Worth more than a wilderness of ordinary novels.—*Saturday Review*

$1 50

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Sq., N. Y.



SALVATION ARMY'S STORE FOR THE SALE OF SALVAGE, CHICAGO.

Odds-and-Ends Charity

IT will be a part of the relief-work of the Social Department of the Salvation Army to establish a Salvage Brigade in New York city this winter; and, the purpose of the brigade being as important as its methods are unfamiliar, a few words anticipating the main features of the design will be read with interest at this time.

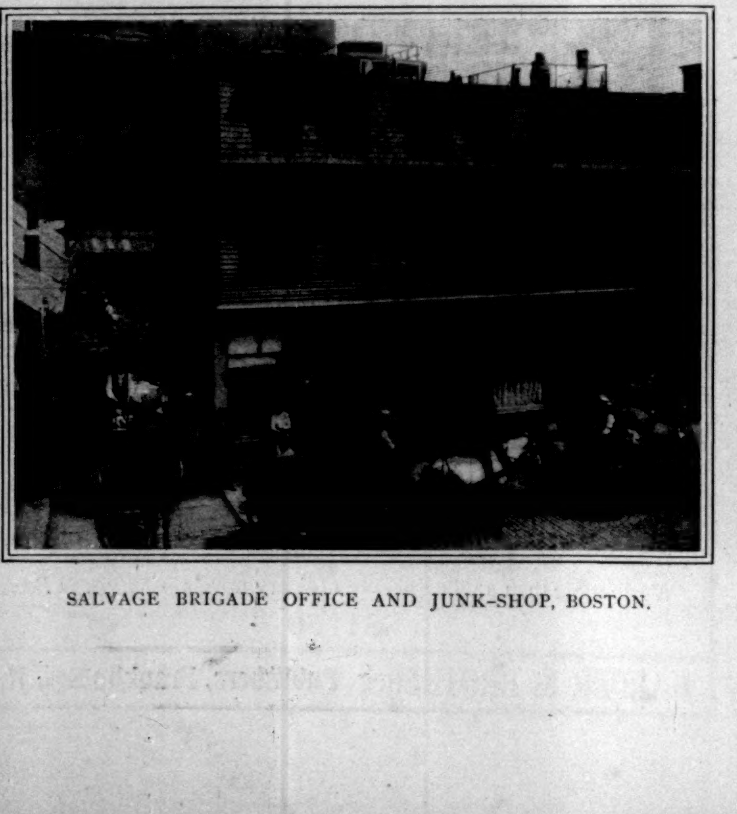
How to alleviate distress without either pauperizing the poor or "being an extra drain on the pockets of the philanthropic"—such was the form which the problem assumed in the minds of the officers of the Salvation Army. The outcome of their studies is a plan to provide occupation for those who suffer most from the lack of it, by turning to good use the household waste—the refuse that accumulates in lumber-rooms and cellars, or finds its way into the barrels of the ashman. Householders in the great city are to be requested to "instruct their servants to put into a box or other receptacle old clothes, bottles, rags, iron, worn-out carpets, magazines, folded newspapers, waste paper, or, in a word, anything which, when sorted and cleaned, represents a cash value"—the Salvation Army undertaking to collect such things by a body of men who otherwise would be out of employment and a tax to the city. According to a statement made to the WEEKLY by Colonel Holland, National Social Secretary, it is not the purpose to secure from the sale of such articles more money than barely enough to pay expenses; the object is simply and clearly to find useful work for the most indigent of men, the homeless people who apply for assistance.

We should add that about two and one-half years ago the attempt was made to establish a salvage brigade in New York, and that the plan was temporarily abandoned when the authorities discovered that the expenses of operating it were too heavy. This was the first experiment made in this field in America. A man who gained his experience through connection with this partial failure afterwards started that unqualified success, the Chicago salvage store. Next in order, Boston took up this practical charity, and now there are branches in Jersey City, Newark, New Brunswick, and perhaps elsewhere. The weekly report from Boston shows an income from the salvage work in that city of $157 36 for the week ending November 3. Now the purpose of the officers of the Salvation Army in New York is to profit by the teaching of experience in organizing a salvage brigade for this city which shall be on a suitable scale. Wagons as well as push-carts will be used for collecting the material, and for the store a location will be chosen which will be convenient of access and yet not held at too high a rental. As Colonel Holland says of the organization, "We are great people for feeling our way." It may be safely assumed that the undertaking planned for this winter will be carried forward from a modest beginning to a successful issue, advantageous alike to householders and homeless people.

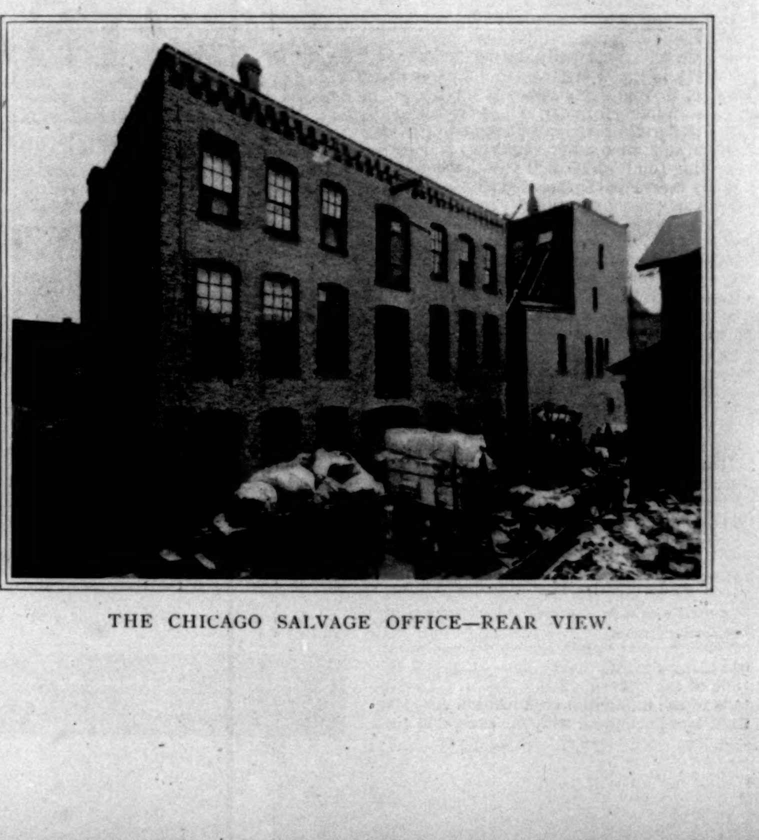
In Chicago the salvage store stands on State Street, just south of Twenty-ninth. The asphalt pavement in Twenty-ninth Street stops at State; beyond, to the west, it is a mere muddy wallow. To express the same thing in different terms, if you stand at the corner of Twenty-ninth and look east, you see, only two squares away, the broad white granite walls of one of the costliest private dwellings in the West; turn around and you see eating-places with coffee and rolls for five cents.

In theory the Salvage Corps reaches across the great chasm of the two squares from State Street to Michigan Avenue, and affords a conductor between the exceeding surplus and the exceeding deficit. Practically the corps asks neither money nor victuals; but its wagon collects, on notice, movable property for which a sale may be found, and all these articles it arranges in its store, furbishing them up a little sometimes, and sells them for cash at prices calculated to tempt the poorest purse.

The store not only has the best room in its immediate neighborhood—the two like it in the same new building are vacant; perhaps the rent is too high for ordinary retail enterprise here not connected with the liquor traffic—but it is somewhat distinguished by having only straight letters in its sign. The long whitewashed room holds an astonishing variety—stoves, neatly blacked, but sometimes lacking in more essential respects; all manner of kitchen utensils in all stages of repair and dilapidation; an ancient rolling-pin, and a box of shot-gun cartridges; bits of chain; oil-lamps and parts of oil-lamps; a tin bath-tub; a little heap of valentines inscribed on the back in childish handwriting; empty bottles and cast-off bicycle saddles. There are tables heaped with old clothes. One hundred pairs of shoes await the cobbler, and shelves full of others in better condition await customers. The gas-fixtures bear an array of neck-ties all giving evidence of service. There is a heap of collars and cuffs; there are women's hats of a sort one cannot remember to have seen anybody wear, and others that one identifies as of his own generation. The men's hats range from some tall white "plugs" which have a bygone political suggestion, down to tousled caps. Underwear is modestly bestowed in boxes. The furniture, except the inevitable folding-bed, runs largely to bright red plush upholstery. Indeed, one may ransack the store and find little or nothing that could have come from a rich home, and very much—like these plain, cheap women's hats—that tells its eloquent story of the poor helping those who are still poorer. To be sure, there is a satin and ivory fan; but there must have been a long interval and many vicissitudes between its present disreputable state and the day one would like to imagine, when it fell from some aristocratic hand. It is "just the middle class," the officers of the Salvation Army in Chicago say, who give most of the things.



SALVAGE BRIGADE OFFICE AND JUNK-SHOP, BOSTON.



THE CHICAGO SALVAGE OFFICE—REAR VIEW.

The California Limited

Finest train west of Chicago.

66 hours to Los Angeles, via Santa Fé Route.

Pullmans, Dining Car, Buffet-Smoking Car (with barber shop), Observation Car (with ladies' parlor).

Vestibuled and electric-lighted throughout.

Four times a week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8.00 p. m. from Chicago.

General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

The Force behind the force

is the educated mind which plans and directs the work of others. You can rise to a higher position without interrupting your work or leaving home. You can get

A Technical Education BY MAIL.

We have prepared successful **Mechanical or Architectural Draughtsmen, Electrical** or **Steam Engineers, Architects, Surveyors, Chemists, Correspondents, Stenographers** and **Bookkeepers.** Write for circular. Mention the profession you wish to enter.
The International Correspondence Schools, Box 1159, Scranton, Pa.

TWO SUCCESSFUL BOOKS

Kit Kennedy Country Boy

By S. R. CROCKETT

Eighth Thousand

A good tale, a very good tale. . . . We can heartily recommend this book as entirely wholesome and as likely to strengthen good things in the mind of the reader. Mr. Crockett would probably resent the remark that it might do better things than most sermons, but such is the fact.—*The Methodist Times.*

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50

A Confident To-Morrow

By **BRANDER MATTHEWS**

Two Large Editions in Four Weeks

Brander Matthews's novel of New York life, "A Confident To-Morrow," is without doubt the most notable offering of the week, and must be classed with the best fiction of the day. It is especially admirable for its incisive character-sketching, its perfect symmetry, and charming style.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50

HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers, New York and London

REAL OLD VIOLINS
August Gemünder & Sons
Read the Violin World 50 cts. a year.

Two Visiting English Actresses

MISS TERRY'S part in "Robespierre," unfortunately for us all, falls far short of both the heights and the depths of her powers, calling into play at most her pure technique and her dignified and womanly presence; but the more familiar parts of her repertory, such as *Nance Oldfield* and *Portia*, recall all the best of her achievements. Too often in these later days we have given ourselves over to the contemplation of the erratic and diseased aspects of human nature. The great plays of modern realism, from Norway, from Germany, or from Spain, have taught us a new medium for the artistic embodiment of human life; but powerful as these plays are, and significant to all lovers of art, it cannot be said that, as a rule, they reach any great height of harmony and beauty. Harmony and beauty! In the pure pleasure of dogmatism I would say that no art was ever truly great that did not by the harmonious use of its materials achieve the presentation of a beautiful idea, for without clarity and completeness of form no work can be understood by generation after generation, and without beauty of texture nothing can be of perennial interest. Even Shakspere lives and is loved in the scant dozen of his plays in which he emerged most freely from the chaos of early Elizabethan dramaturgy and from the crudeness and horror of early Elizabethan drama. To a whole generation of us Miss Terry is the embodiment of the harmony and beauty of the spirit of our classical plays. Whether this is her last appearance among us cannot as yet be stated, but if she were to give the score of last retiring appearances usual to retiring actresses of note, it would be a deed of folly and irreverence to miss one of them.

Miss Terry and the Classical Drama.

How fine her methods are, and how spirited and rich her effects, is to be measured, if at all, by considering what the best of our actresses would have accomplished in the same attempt. Miss Ada Rehan, for instance, might well have played Charles Reade's *Nance Oldfield*, and beyond question the result would have been a competent and enjoyable performance; but what infinite suggestions Miss Terry is able to give of supple and gracious feminine feeling! *Nathan Oldworthy* bursts into the breakfast-room of the great actress *Mistress Anne Oldfield*, and demands that she cease to ply her allurements upon his son *Alexander*. *Mistress Oldfield*, to whom the son is only an unknown adorer, at a glance takes in the boisterous and authoritative Coventry advocate, and in a scene full of feminine humor and intelligence divines his underlying good sense. Acting on a generous impulse, she undertakes to disillusion the young man. To shock him out of his infatuation she assumes the mercenary and frumpish manners so often ascribed to successful actresses, and enacts a scene of horse-play and curl-papers. In the hands of any but the greatest comic actor this scene would inevitably have a touch of vulgarity. The manner in which Miss Terry shakes her curl-papers and throws herself about the sofa is as full as possible of broad comedy; but not for an instant—to the infinite enhancement of the comedy—does one forget that the real *Mistress Oldfield* is a woman of sensibility and grace. And then, when the young fellow is disillusioned almost to madness, *Mistress Oldfield* realizes the wrong she has done him in making life seem more sordid and ignoble than it is. And so, with the utmost honesty and good sense, she gives him his illusion again, and sets him up with his two strong legs planted firmly on the earth. It was all so gracious and dignified in its horse-play, so full of humor in its grace and dignity, that I said to myself no actress was ever half so fine—a stupid thought, when there before me was Miss Terry.

As *Portia*, Miss Terry's grace and humor were fused into a freer utterance by the poetry and the passion of the lines, and one felt all the more the refinement and fervor of her spirits. At times she seemed three years old, and very roguishly gleeful at that; and then again, when her feeling for *Bassanio* was uppermost, she denoted the full measure of a woman's love. Between these extremes there were infinite shiftings and gradations of expression, transitions rapid or slow, as if she had at her call every expression of buoyant and intelligent womanhood. If there was a defect to note it was in the famous "quality of mercy" speech. In this single passage it seemed to me that Miss Ada Rehan's *Portia*—the last of her Shaksperean interpretations under Mr. Daly—rose to greater heights. Something of Miss Terry's defect, no doubt, was due to the melancholy impairment of her voice; for here, more than anywhere else in the play, the quality required is elocution. But even at her best, as I recall her, she lacked the vigor and distinction Miss Rehan gave the passage. At the time, I remember, I wanted to see Miss Rehan in other of the more serious Shaksperean parts—*Lady Macbeth*, for instance. At any rate, the comparison will serve to mark the only limit I noted in Miss Terry's power.

"The Elder Miss Blossom."

The medium in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal make their reappearance is "The Elder Miss Blossom," a comedy by Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood, which was a pronounced success last year in London. In its general lines it has the cumulative improbability of a farce, but it has this difference—that the main incident is treated seriously and naturally in a vein of refined comedy. It is as if a mother-in-law were presented in a manner to enlist the sympathies of the audience; and indeed nothing would be easier than to invert the conventional farce so that the children would appear the marplots, and the parents-in-law their victims. "Those English playwrights have struck a rich vein," said Binkinson, "and there is no reason why they should not go on and make an endless chain of comedies by taking the endless chain of farces and standing them on their heads." The elder *Miss Blossom* is a young and still blooming maiden aunt, who receives a written proposal of marriage intended for her niece. Instead of appearing wretchedly and inhumanly ridiculous, as she would in the ordinary farce, she is presented as having lived through three years of the lover's enforced absence, nourishing her hope and her love in womanly reverence. The main plot is unlikely enough, but it is redeemed by its handling. When the lover returns and the true state of affairs dawns on him, the humor of its plight is enhanced, at least for the sensible spectator, by the depth of the emotions with which he is forced to deal, and the manly sincerity in which he deals with them. He finds the elder *Miss Blossom* surrounded by wedding-presents and wedding felicitations, and deeply interested in her trousseau; and it is in that inspiring *milieu* that he has to explain his mistake. He does explain, and his explanation, in spite of the shame and chagrin, is accepted with the same deep spirit of womanhood with which his offer of love had been accepted. It transpires, of course, and one is very grateful to the authors for it, that the younger *Miss Blossom* is already engaged to be married to an eligible young man, and that the mistaking suitor suddenly discovers a tenderness for the elder *Miss Blossom*, who in years and disposition is much more suitable to him. The wedding comes off as it had been planned, and everybody is happy. If the suitor's change of heart seems sudden, it is palliated by the fact that the play in its general conception is very far from the true vein of a comedy of manners. And I suppose there are few thing more likely to arouse a man's tenderness than to have placed a woman like the elder *Miss Blossom* in such a position—that is to say, if one neglects the manners of farce and absolutely refuses to laugh at her.

Mrs. Kendal.

Some measure of the wholesomeness I have ascribed to the play is, beyond question, due to the acting. It is a guaranty of good taste, to begin with, that Mrs. Kendal has abandoned the girlish parts that, especially in the case of a comedian of manners, become a snare and a pitfall if clung to too long in the middle years, and has frankly taken a part that becomes her. The sanity and right feeling of this initial step pervade every moment of the play. Even the somewhat positive simplicity and insistent sweetness of the opening scenes, which have been construed as an evidence of personal self-righteousness in the actress, seem to me attributable rather to *Miss Blossom's* incipient spinsterhood, and thus a remarkably fine trait in the impersonation. It prepares the way, too, for disclosing the conscious and happy reverence with which she contemplates her coming marriage, and for all the amusing and pathetic passages in the action that hinge on this; and afterward, when the full truth is known, it gives quality and character to the deep blight that falls upon her affections, and to the no less deep chagrin. This is the finest moment in the play. The spinsterly simplicity and sweetness are fused by the stress of emotion into a pathos that transfigures the actress, even while, with an absolute naturalness of manner, an absence of all the rhetoric of the stage, she stands in contemplation of her ruined life. The moment is brief—the conditions of scenic art require that it should be so—but while it lasts the actress suggests the large and dignified effect of sculptural repose. By-and-by come the lover's awakening tenderness and the second proffer of his hand. This is received with another chagrin, acutely distinguished from the first by the absence of all feeling except pride. Here Mr. Kendal, whose rendering of the very improbable and otherwise difficult part of the lover has been in all ways admirably convincing and amusing, divides the honors with Mrs. Kendal. His own sorrow and mortification seem so true that one finds no unlikelihood when *Miss Blossom* believes in them and is reconciled.

In the way of naturalistic comedy this performance of the Kendals is as complete in its mingling of consummate taste and consummate art as Miss Terry's romantic and classical impersonations. Two actresses we have whose manner and achievements are comparable with Mrs. Kendal—Mrs. Fiske and Miss Annie Russell; but while both have given promise of greater things—and have accomplished them, perhaps—than seem to be in Mrs. Kendal's power, neither of them, so far as I know, has exhibited the same command of sympathetic naturalistic expression.

JOHN CORBIN.

Soup For Six 10 Cents

"White Label" Brand

Seasoned just right—cooked just right and ready for instant use—"White Label Concentrated Soup"—enough in a ten-cent can for six generous platesfull—add a little boiling water and it's ready. Tomato, Mock Turtle, Consomme, Beef, Ox Tail, Vegetable, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo-Okra.

Economical Soup Booklet yours for a postal.

Be sure you get "White Label"

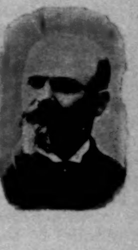
Packed only by
ARMOUR PACKING COMPANY
Department H.
Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

$1000.00 a Minute

The annual sales of Swift and Company for the year 1898 aggregated over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Figuring 313 working days to the year, 8 hours to the day, shows that the sales exceeded one thousand dollars per minute for every 1898 working day. *Why purchase unknown goods when the name of Swift guarantees purity and reliability in all food products?*

Swift and Company
Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, St. Paul

CHEW
Beeman's



The Original
Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

Women and Mothers
BEST APPRECIATE CUTICURA SOAP.

Its remarkable emollient, cleansing, and purifying properties warrant its use in the form of washes or solutions for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, for ulcerative weaknesses, or too free or offensive perspiration, and for many sanative uses. Gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollient skin cures, in addition, will, in many instances, prove of marked benefit.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled, Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, are caused by uric acid in the blood. Our remedy removes the acid. Swiss American Co., Detroit, Mich.

Coe's Eczema Cure $1 at drug stores. The world's surest cure for all skin diseases. Samples Free by mail. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

News of Warfare

I.—THE PHILIPPINES

THE story of current events in Luzon was outlined in the last number of the WEEKLY, so far as to show that by the middle of the month our troops had succeeded in closing the avenues of escape from Tarlac on the north and east, while MacArthur's command was steadily advancing from the south. On November 16 a despatch from General Otis referred to the unfavorable conditions in spite of which so much had been accomplished. "During thirty-six hours," the commanding general said, "there have been four and one-half inches of rain, and it is still raining in the north." He added that our troops were moving from Humingan and Tayug west on Urdaneta, "where insurgent force reported." It became known at this time that our lines enclosed some of the scattered bands into which the Filipino army had broken up, but it was impossible to say how many had escaped; and Aguinaldo had contrived his own disappearance from the scene so cleverly that for several days no scrupulous person even risked a conjecture as to his hiding-place.

At Pozorrubio, about twelve miles east of San Fabian (where Wheaton had landed), some of Lawton's cavalry found a force of the enemy strongly entrenched on November 17. MacArthur, moving up along the line of the railway, entered Gerona, November 18, and pushed his advance a few miles beyond; here the troops were hospitably received by the natives. On the same day re-enforcements and supplies were sent by water from Manila to Wheaton's headquarters at San Fabian. General Otis reached the conclusion at this time that the Filipino army had not retreated in a single direction, but scattered on all sides, some of the troops taking refuge in the western province of Zambales. A report was received from Lawton, in which that commander said that Lieutenant Maximilian Luna and two men had been drowned in the Agno River, and that Lieutenant Thayer and ten men sent to communicate with Wheaton were still missing.

About fifteen miles southwest of Tarlac Captain Leonhauser surprised an insurgent force numbering 200 men on November 18, and captured all of them, with their arms, 10,000 rounds of ammunition, transportation, four tons of provisions, official records, etc. On November 20 MacArthur's advance entered Dagúpan, where some of Wheaton's troops had preceded them.

The situation, briefly stated, was as follows: American forces had secured control of the entire Manila-Dagúpan Railway; between the line of the railway and the China Sea some of the poor fragments of Aguinaldo's army were hiding in the Sierra de Zambales; between the railway and Lawton's forces on the east were other panic-stricken hostiles, who, as refugees at MacArthur's headquarters said, "did not know which way to turn"; still beyond Wheaton's and Lawton's northern lines, in Nueva Vizcaya and the valley of the Cagayan, were those who had gone away from Tarlac while yet there was time. Reliable correspondents at Manila sent word on November 21 that "Aguinaldo had probably escaped by changing the seat of war into the northern part of the island," and that a rapid retreat must have been made several weeks earlier, at the time when Lawton began his movement from San Isidro. General Otis expressed most concern as to the bands west of the railway; he cabled that they were "meditating concentration and future demonstration."

While this good progress was being made in the Luzon campaign, there was a call for troops in Mindanao, the great island of the southern Philippines. Rear-Admiral Watson cabled to the Navy Department: "Commander Very of the *Castine*, with friendly natives and Moros combined, captured Zamboanga [the principal city of Mindanao] on the 16th inst. No casualties. Landing parties from the *Castine* and the *Manila* hold the town, with Fort Nazro commanding it, pending arrival of troops from Joló. There is a considerable force of insurgents at Mercedes, four miles away."

II.—SOUTH AFRICA

We saw last week, from a study of the situation at Mafeking and Kimberley, how easily first-class troops can hold entrenched positions against attacks of forces numerically superior and not inferior in soldierly qualities. Now a belated message from General White states that on November 8 and 9 the Boers attacked Ladysmith in force, and were repulsed with great loss—another illustration of the same fact. But, according to the most recent despatches, we are on the point of hearing that the British have begun to take their turn at rushing fortified towns, held by burghers who are defending their land from invasion. Apparently there can be no yielding on either side, and, if our rule holds good, we shall have to expect the most desperate struggle of modern times.

This week the interest centres in the movements of newly arrived British troops from the points of debarkation, and in General Joubert's preparations to resist the advance. On November 15 an armored train left Estcourt with a company of the Dublin Fusiliers and a company of the Durban Volunteers, the object being to reconnoitre in the direction of Colenso. North of Frère they encountered a party of Boers, and began to withdraw; but some of the trucks were derailed, and, after a sharp fight, in which a number of the British were killed or wounded, about sixty of the party were made prisoners. At this time the Boer force in front of Estcourt was estimated at three thousand men, with artillery.

According to the despatches of November 20, a Boer force of ten thousand men, under Generals Joubert and Botha, was moving south to meet the British advance from Durban, leaving a comparatively small force to continue the siege of Ladysmith. Estcourt was now menaced at several points—by a force of Free State burghers on the west, and by a contingent under Commandant Grobler on the east. In the same despatches there were also some indications of a design to occupy strong defensive positions in Cape Colony, near the southern boundary of the Free State. There was no longer any design of overrunning British territory; the ambition of the Boer leaders was now limited to the plan of making a stand beyond their own borders; unquestionably, however, they had entertained other views only a short time before, expecting then that the conquest of Natal would prove easy, "concluding," in the words of a Cape Town despatch, "with peace terms to be dictated by General Joubert at Pietermaritzburg, with British withdrawal, and an immense strengthening of the Dutch Republican position in the country."

By November 21, when the transports had carried more than twenty-eight thousand men to Cape Town, there were rather plain intimations of the larger features of the British plan of campaign, making due allowance for surprises. Thus it was said that "a vast amount of stores" had been collected at De Aar, about one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Kimberley, and it was assumed that this would be the base for Lord Methuen's advance. From Durban, General Clery would lead a column through Estcourt to the relief of Ladysmith. From East London a third column would proceed against the burghers near the southern border of the Free State. There was no reliable information in regard to General Buller's participation in these movements.

Despatches received on November 22 showed that the Boer advance had been pushed beyond Estcourt to the Mooi River.

III.—COLOMBIA

In order to understand recent developments in the most northern of South-American republics, we must bear in mind what was said in the last number of the WEEKLY touching both Colombia and Venezuela.

The present master in Venezuela, General Castro, was a familiar figure in the department of Santander, Colombia, before he set on foot his rebellion in the adjacent Venezuelan province of Los Andes. There he enlisted a few hundred Colombians, who thus formed the nucleus of the force which he employed for the overthrow of President Andrade. It is said that he promised, in effect, to aid the Colombian Liberals (who were restive under the heavy burden of taxation, the proceeds of which were monopolized by the clergy, the army, and the Conservative leaders) in their contest with the established government, in case he should succeed in his own undertaking. Now that Castro is established at Caracas, and his government has been recognized by the United States, the Colombian revolutionists appear to be in the attitude of expectancy, while the Colombian government sees the wisdom of striking quickly, in order to control the disaffected elements in Santander before this foreign aid shall arrive. President Sanclemente holding that whatever the successful Venezuelan may have promised while he was simply Cipriano Castro, he must take a different view of his duty now that he is at the head of a nation; for any hostile action on his part at present would, of course, bring on a war between the two countries. Unfortunately we must admit that such a war may break out at any time. Extraordinary efforts have been made to assemble a large army near the Venezuelan frontier, and this force has been, in part at least, armed with Mauser rifles, and trained under American and French military instructors. Such a war would probably unite for the time the discordant elements in Venezuela, and this fact will hardly be overlooked by General Castro.

One of our most important newspapers published a despatch from Bogotá, dated November 18, reporting that a terrible battle between the government forces and the revolutionists had been fought near Bucaramanga, capital of the department of Santander, in which the government forces were victorious. It was stated that the battle lasted two days; that more than 1000 rebels were killed and 2000 wounded; that two leaders of the revolutionists were wounded, and General Villar killed, while on the government side Generals Solano, Villamizar, and Hernandez were wounded. No confirmation of these details could be secured up to the time when this page went to press, and we are still at liberty to hope that such extraordinary slaughter has not actually occurred.

MARRION WILCOX.

"Little Whiskey"

is what you have called for time and again.

J. & A. FREIBERG, bottle and are the sole proprietors of

"LITTLE WHISKEY"

Put up in Bottles as per illustration. This is a high grade, old fashioned hand made whiskey, for home as well as club consumption, rich, pure and mellow. It is a distillation that we bottle as

Purveyors to his Majesty—the Best American Citizen.

This is the highest grade goods obtainable. "Little Whiskey" is made for the use of the best element of Americans. To be had at your dealers for $1.50 regular size bottle, or $2.00 for one dozen small size. If your dealer does not handle it,

Send Us $1.50

for regular size bottle, or $2.00 for one doz. bottles holding two oz. each. Express charges prepaid. Boxes unmarked. Cheap and low grade whiskies you can buy anywhere. Do not be deceived. Everyone should buy the best the market affords for home use. Such an article is "LITTLE WHISKEY." You can well afford to pay $1.50 and receive in return a regular size bottle of "LITTLE WHISKEY," or $2.00 for a dozen small size bottles and thus be convinced that there is only ONE "BEST" whiskey. Ask your Bank or any Express office in regard to our standing.

Our latest booklet—"What To Drink"—treating on this subject, free for the asking. Whiskey as represented or money refunded.

J. & A. FREIBERG, Dept. B, Cincinnati, O.

GREAT WESTERN Champagne

MADE IN AMERICA

is acknowledged by connoisseurs to equal the finest imported in exquisite bouquet, while its healthfulness, purity, and price are matters entitled to consideration by a discriminating public.

Best families use it. On sale at best clubs, cafes, and hotels everywhere.

The present vintage is universally pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by
H. B. Kirk & Co.,
New York;
S.S.Pierce Co., Boston,
and all Respectable Wine Dealers.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD. TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION, POUR OVER CRACKED ICE. (NOT SHAVEN) STIR AND STRAIN OFF.

PLAYS Recitations, dialogues, and other entertainment books. New 128-page catalogue sent free on request. DRAMATIC PUB. CO., CHICAGO.

2 ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS

First Edition Exhausted—Second Now Ready

THE BECKY SHARP EDITION OF

Vanity Fair

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With 48 Full Page Illustrations from the Play of "Becky Sharp," as Produced by Mrs. Fiske and Her Company of Players.

The great success of Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," Langdon Mitchell's play founded on "Vanity Fair," has made timely a handsome illustrated holiday edition of Thackeray's masterpiece. Not only the characters but the scenes afford great variety for picturesqueness of treatment, and the splendid stage management of Mrs. Fiske has given a versimilitude and reality to the grouping of characters that enhance the artistic value of the illustrations as pictures.—*The Bookman.*

Ornamental Buckram. Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, in Box, $2 50

Life and Character

By W. T. SMEDLEY

No illustrator has succeeded in getting more closely in touch with American life and customs than Mr. Smedley, and the present volume, containing fifty drawings selected from his best work, is certain of a wide popularity as a holiday book.

With Text by A. V. S. Anthony. Biographical Sketch and Portrait. Large Quarto, Green and Gold Cloth Covers, in Box, $5 00

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York & London

Morning, Noon, and Night Fast Trains to The West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.

The World of Finance

APPREHENSION regarding the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the suit now pending which involves the legality of a combination of cast-iron pipe manufacturing companies has had a depressing influence on the market for a number of the Industrial shares. This arose largely from ignorance as to the points at issue in the suit, and of the fact that the suit was not brought against a combination formed by the consolidation of various companies. The suit is based on the alleged illegal agreement between the Addyston Pipe and Steel Company and other rival concerns, by which certain territory was allotted to particular members of the combination, and for other territory a committee was appointed, to which all offers to purchase pipe were to be submitted. This committee was to determine the price, and award the sale to the company which agreed to pay the largest bonus, to be divided among the other parties to the agreement. Of course the bears pretended to attach a great deal of importance to the suit, although an adverse decision, it will be seen, would have no bearing on the Industrial combinations recently formed, and alarm spread through misapprehension. The high rates for money have also affected Industrial shares, not only because the banks refuse to accept them as collateral in loans, but because the companies have found difficulty in borrowing money for the conduct of their business, and thus attention has been called to the fact that some of them have quite large floating debts. In several instances preparations have been made to provide against future embarrassment, either, as in the case of the American Malting Company, by an issue of new securities, or, as was done in another case, by the formation of a syndicate, which underwrites the company's notes or agrees to advance the money required. It is not alone the Industrials, however, that have had serious declines, for equally as heavy losses may be seen by a comparison of the prices at which the shares of some of the new trust companies are now selling with the prices which they first commanded. Indeed, the prices for all securities have not declined more only because of the belief that we shall have an easier money-market in the near future. No corporation would be justified in holding bonds or stocks that net only three or four per cent. in interest returns if it can lend its money out at six per cent., or better; and what is true of corporations applies also to individuals. The gradual sale of bonds to the government gave considerable relief to the money situation, but a material reduction in interest rates cannot be expected until the return flow of funds to this centre begins. Even then we are not likely to see the two-and-a-half and three per cent. rates for call loans that were used as arguments for higher prices for stocks in dull times. It is much to be hoped that when Congress assembles it will quickly take up the matter of taxation, so that revenue may not be paid into the national Treasury in excess of the needs of the government.

Railway returns continue to show large increases, and there are few companies that do not report that they are doing all the business that their facilities permit them to handle, though some of the Texas roads are doing less well because of the short cotton crop in that State. There is no prospect of the fulfilment of the early forecasts of the size of the cotton crop of the United States, but the planters will get much better results than last year through the rise in the price of the staple. Unfortunately, though the cotton-raisers have learned economy, they are still prone to over-production, and each prosperous year is followed by an undue increase in acreage in cotton.

There are still important matters unsettled that influence particular stocks. The one of most general interest is the conflict between the local authorities and the Manhattan Railway Company. As long as this is open its influence may be expected to outweigh in the mind of the speculator the progress making towards the electrical equipment of the road. There has been a widespread belief that some sort of an understanding has been brought about between the rival sugar-refining companies, but confirmation of the reports is unobtainable. The market action of the gas stocks has also inspired the hope of an early settlement of the disastrous contest between those companies.

Our Postage-Stamps

IT will be fifty-three years on the 5th of August, 1900, since our government sold its first postage-stamp. In the five years following its issue of stamps amounted to only $274,710 in value, but its stamp output, swelling with the growth of the country, has steadily increased every year since, until now it has gone far into the millions, and has come to be regarded as an indicator of the business condition of the country.

The success of Sir Rowland Hill's postal plan in England gave it and him an international reputation, and our own Postmaster-General of 1840, John M. Niles, of Hartford, was quick to adopt some of the improvements; but when he suggested the introduction of the postage-stamp, it was so ridiculed that he dropped it, and soon after retired from office. His improvements halted until Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, became Postmaster-General in 1845, and undertook to carry them out, recommending even the ridiculed postage-stamp to Congress, which, after two years' delay, authorized it, in an act approved March 3, 1847, providing that the issue of postage-stamps should begin on July 1. The contractors did not have the stamps ready, however, until August.

The five-cent stamp was thus described: "Portrait of Franklin (the first Postmaster-General), after painting by John B. Longacre, three-quarters face, looking to the left, on an oval disk with dark ground, white neckerchief, and full-collared coat—the whole surrounded with a faintly engraved wreath of leaves, on which, in the two upper corners, are the letters 'U' and 'S,' and in each of the two lower corners a large figure '5.' In a curved line around the upper portion of the medallion are the words 'post-office,' and around the lower part the words 'five cents.' A border of fine straight lines goes around the entire stamp. Color, light brown." The ten-cent stamp is thus described officially: "Portrait of Washington, from Stuart's painting, three-quarters face, looking to the right, on an oval disk with dark ground, white neckerchief, and black coat, faint wreath of leaves around all, upon which, in the lower corners, are the letters 'U' and 'S,' and in each of the lower corners a large Roman numeral 'X.' In a curved line around the upper and lower parts of the medallion, as in the case of the five-cent stamp, are the words 'post-office' and 'five cents.' A border of fine straight lines goes around the whole stamp. Color, black." While the national government had been considering this subject, the postmasters of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, and other cities, had been issuing stamps on their own account to facilitate their work, and meet the convenience of their customers who desired to prepay their mail matter; but these stamps had no national standing, and were entirely abolished when the stamps of 1847 were issued by the Post Office Department. It was not until 1856 that the prepayment of postage by postage-stamps was uniformly required by law, and until that time the old custom of writing the amount of postage due or paid in a post-mark, was still kept up. We are so accustomed to the conveniences of the postal service that it is hard to realize its condition only fifty years ago, when it was still almost as primitive as when Benjamin Franklin was Postmaster-General. The steam-packet had been utilized to some extent, and the steam-cars to a less extent; but the "fast mail" was nearly twenty years away, the free-delivery system was about as far off, and postage was still charged according to the distance and weight. It was only in 1888 that a uniform rate of three cents a half-ounce, regardless of distance, was made. James Lafitte Smith, who is believed to have sold the first postage-stamps to the general public as a clerk in the Washington Post-office, once told the writer how he ceased, in 1847, to use the old metal hand-stamps marking "Paid" or "Postage due" on the mail matter, and began to sell the new stamps. "I remember," he said, "particularly that the sheets were not perforated, and that I had to cut a single stamp out of the sheet with a pair of scissors. I tried to escape this monotonous labor whenever a call was made for more than one stamp by a purchaser by handing out the required number in one sheet, but some of the smart fellows used to insist on making me cut their stamps for them by calling for one stamp at a time, no matter how many letters they had to mail. But after the second issue of stamps was made, in 1851, an Englishman invented a perforator, which was later adopted here, and after that time the stamps began to come, as they do now, in perforated sheets." In this issue of 1851 the one-cent and the three-cent stamps first appeared.

At the outbreak of the civil war Postmaster-General Blair declared the issues of 1847 and 1851 to be obsolete, and prepared a new issue, because so many of the old stamps were in the possession of the men who had been postmasters in the States which tried to secede; but all the other issues—except the official postage-stamps used by the executive departments from 1873 to 1884, and superseded by the "penalty envelope"—are still accepted. In 1883 the two-cent stamp most familiar to us, with the Houdon portrait of Washington, was issued, the rate of postage having been reduced by the act of March 3 of that year from three to two cents a half-ounce upon first-class matter, and again in 1885 to two cents an ounce; and it was in 1885 also that the ten-cent "special-delivery" stamp was first issued under the provision for immediate delivery of letters so prepaid. The newspaper and periodical stamps, which the public never see, are the most expensive and the most beautiful of all. The denominations rise as high as a sixty-dollar stamp. Since 1879 we have had the international, and since 1892 the domestic and international reply-card.

HENRY MACFARLAND.

Financial

Redmond, Kerr & Co.
BANKERS,
41 WALL ST., N. Y.
Members
N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Transact a general banking business. Receive deposits subject to draft. Dividends and interest collected and remitted. Act as Fiscal Agent for, and negotiate and issue loans of, railroads, street railways, gas companies, etc. Securities bought and sold on commission.

DEAL IN
High-Grade Investment Securities.
Lists of current offerings sent on application.
PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENTS,
GRAHAM, KERR & CO.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

HASKINS & SELLS,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS,
NO. 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

Arnold Constable & Co.
Lyons Silks.
Faconné Broderie, Satin Soutache, Satin Comète, Taffetas, Regence.
White Silks, Brocades and Satins For Wedding Gowns.
Fancy Silk Fabrics and Crêpes for Bridesmaids' Dresses. Plain and Fancy Black Silks.
Crêpes.
Plain and Fancy Crêpes.
Crêpe de Chine, Météore Gouache.
Broché and Empire Crêpes.
Velvets.
Fancy Velvets for Opera Wraps.
Panne and Antique Velvets.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

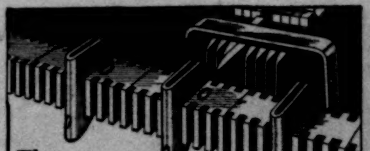
FOX'S Patent **Spat-Puttee** and **New Patent Puttee**
FOR GOLFING, SHOOTING, HUNTING, RIDING, BICYCLING, FISHING, ETC.
The Puttee entirely supersedes leggings and golf stockings, and can be worn over trousers.
The **New Puttee** is made in a **particular shape**, enabling it to fit any leg and to be put on quickly and easily by simply wrapping around. **No buttons.**
The **Spat-Puttee** is made to fit any size boot or shoe.
All wool and water-proofed.
Easily dried or cleansed.

Patent Puttees, $3 per pair
(Without Spats)
Patent Spat-Puttees, $5 per pair
Write for illustrated circular and shade card. Sold at all leading Stores, Outfitters, Tailors, etc., or sent direct on receipt of price by
BALE & MANLEY,
428 Wool Exchange Building,
West Broadway, below Canal Street,
New York, N. Y.

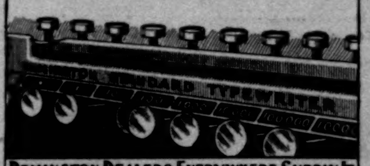
AN IDEAL MATTRESS, especially adapted for use in the Sick-Room, affording bedridden patients the greatest comfort. These mattresses have been adopted by the U. S. Government, and are now in use in the various Marine Hospitals. They are also largely used on Ships and Yachts, and by Sportsmen and Campers throughout the world. CUSHIONS for Office Chairs, Morris Chairs, etc., etc. —*Send for Catalogue.*—
MECHANICAL FABRIC CO.,
Manufacturers of "PERFECTION AIR GOODS,"
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Collar Button Insurance
GIVEN WITH EVERY
KREMENTZ
ONE-PIECE COLLAR BUTTON.
Made of One Piece of Metal, without Seam or Joint.
Also for **ladies' shirt-waists** and **children's dresses.** You get a new one without charge in case of accident of any kind. **The Story of a Collar Button** gives all particulars. Postal us for it. All jewelers sell **Krementz** buttons.

KREMENTZ & CO., 43 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.



The
Remington
Billing and Tabulating Attachment accomplishes all kinds of Billing, Statistical, and Accounting Work on the New Models of the
Remington Standard Typewriter
as quickly and as accurately as ordinary typewriting is done. It automatically secures perfect perpendicular as well as horizontal alignment.



REMINGTON DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLY IT.

W. & J. Sloane
Are Showing a Notable Assortment of
American Made
SMYRNA RUGS
Various sizes up to 12 x 18 ft.
AXMINSTER RUGS
6 x 9 and 9 x 12 ft.
WILTON RUGS, 9 x 12 ft.
Also
ENGLISH WILTON RUGS
6 x 3 and 5.3 x 3 ft.
ENGLISH MOHAIR RUGS
3 x 1.9 to 6 x 3 ft.
Large and Small ORIENTAL RUGS in great variety.
All at Reasonable Prices. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.
Broadway & 19th St
NEW YORK

Prices from $3.50 Up **ELECTRICAL** SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES
Models of Railways, Locomotives, Dynamos, Miniature Lamps, Motors, Etc.
Safe, practical, durable. Most amusing and instructive articles ever invented. Large numbers sold all over the world.
UNLIKE ORDINARY TOYS
that soon break or wear out, and no higher in price. Illustrated booklet tells all about them. Don't make mistake of waiting until height of holiday season. Send now.
Largest makers of Electrical Scientific Novelties in the world.
THE CARLISLE & FINCH CO.
831 W. SIXTH ST.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ELECTRIC POCKET SEARCH **LIGHT**
Over 50,000 now in use, which includes the U. S. Army and Navy. No wires to get out of order, no chemicals to spill, no danger even among explosives. For flash or continuous light. A child can operate it. Practical, useful, economical. Price complete, by mail, $3.30. ☞ Particulars Free.

JAMES S. BARRON & CO., General Electrical Supplies,
24-30 Hudson Street, NEW YORK.

FREE! WHOLESALE BOOK CATALOG
Edition for 1899-1900 ready. Costs 6c postage to mail. 416 pages, 6 by 9 inches, advertising 15,000 Books, Bibles, Periodicals, etc., etc., at Wholesale Prices. All books carried in stock. Best catalog ever printed.
A. FLANAGAN, Publisher and Bookseller,
267-269 Wabash Avenue. Chicago, Ill.

If You are Tired.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Affords immediate relief in mental and physical exhaustion and insomnia. Quiets and strengthens the nerves.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.